THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Russia and Her Rulers ═══ By W. T. Stead

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RUSSIA AND HER RULERS

By W. T. STEAD

I—The Czar and His Family

RUSSIA at this moment is passing through a crisis which may result in anything, from a world-wide earthquake to a mere readjustment of her domestic arrangements. No one ventures to prophesy except that in this land of paradoxes it is always the unexpected that will happen. The utmost that the most venturesome speculator will attempt in the way of forecast is that, whatever else will go under, the Czardom will survive. Not the old unlimited Czardom, for the present Czar has already self-limited his own autocracy, but still a Czardom of some kind; a mystical, traditional, legendary, monarchical fetish which is indispensable as a rallying-centre for the largest and most heterogeneous conglomeration of white skins ever gathered together in a single Empire. The Social Democrats, who are strong in the manufacturing towns, of which there are about a dozen in all Russia, talk about a Republic. But outside the shadow of the factory chimneys, in the vast expanses of the Slavonian land, alike in the forests of the Northland or in the fertile steppes of the South, the vast majority of the dwellers in the villages have no other conception of a government but that it is the expression of the will of the Czar.

The villages must have a Czar, and at least three-fourths of the Russians live in villages. If from some aërial ship you could look down upon the immense area which lies between the Balkan, the Caucasus and the Himalayas and the North Pole, it would seem one immeasurable expanse of woodland, of prairie or arable land, dotted over with hundreds of thousands of clumps of thatched cottages, the little brown flocks of the Russian sheepfold over which as a more or less beneficent shepherd the Czar rules as vicegerent of God. That is the fixed faith of the Russian peasant, a faith which has triumphed over such crucial tests as the apparition from time to time of Czars criminal, Czars lunatic and Czars incapable. It is not likely to disappear because the latest of the Czars was driven against his will into an unsuccessful war, or even because in handling a grave internal crisis he has not shown the energy of Peter the Great or the resolution of Alexander III. Even if the whole imperial family were blotted out in one fell swoop, the most advanced revolutionaries admit that, after a brief and abortive Republican experiment, the Czardom would come back via Cæsarism. To the Russians a Czar is as indispensable as a queen-bee is to a hive.

It may, therefore, not be inappropriate to begin the series of sketches of Russia of to-day and her rulers present and prospective by an attempt to enable the reader to form some kind of an idea of the leading members of the imperial family. For that task I am at once qualified and hampered by the fact that I have the privilege of their acquaintance; in some cases, I may even say without boasting, of their personal friendship. Nothing appears to be easier, to judge from many books and articles written about the Czar and his relations, than to paint a vivid and a gruesome picture of the ruling family in Russia, when you draw upon your imagination for your facts, and allow prejudice to supply the background, and hatred the perspective. But when you have to write about men and women whom you have met and whom in all probability you will meet again, it is more difficult, nor does the fact that the men and women are of imperial rank in the least lessen the difficulty. Nevertheless, I will attempt to describe them as I know them, not certainly setting down aught in malice, but endeavoring to speak the truth in all simplicity, without giving offense or adding in any way to a burden which is already too great to be borne by any mortal.

A Czar Unschooled in Affairs of State

ALEXANDER III, the father of the present Czar, and the husband of the Dowager Empress, was the first Emperor with whom I had ever occasion to speak. It is eighteen years since I met him in the palace at Gatschina and heard from his lips the whole ordered plan of Russian policy in Asia and in Europe to which he adhered until his premature death. If I refer to him it is because it is in his character that we must seek the key to the secret of the present reign. Alexander III was essentially a strong man. Physically he was tall, muscular, full of energy. He could crumple up a horseshoe in his hand as if it were of pasteboard, and tear a pack of cards across the middle as if it were a sheet of paper. Mentally he was massive rather than mobile, but the stability of his resolutions gave a certain dignity to a policy which it otherwise lacked. Above all things, Alexander III loathed a liar as the gates of hell. He spoke little, but what he said he stuck to. His word was as good as his bond. Every one felt in dealing with him that they had to do with a creature of simple elemental sincerity. He was not a far-seeing statesman, but he was animated by a consuming passion for peace. Called to the throne by the bomb that slew his father in the streets of his capital, his life was one long series of hairbreadth escapes from the mines and the machinations of the Terrorists. Of an intensely affectionate nature, he was never really happy excepting in the society of his wife and children. He loved to have them with him and he loved to have his children always children. The ideal family circle of which he was the centre consisted of boys and girls who were not encouraged to grow up. They had their tutors and their governesses, but they were never really out of the nursery. Their father liked them to be young as long as they could, and the children heartily responded to his wishes. The result was that both the present Czar and his brother Michael had next to no knowledge of the world and its ways at an age when most American boys feel they are free men of the universe. The natural craving of an overworked autocrat—Alexander III died of overstrain—to keep his home as an oasis, free from the political controversies and questions of state which absorbed so many of his waking hours, led to the boys being kept boys at a time when, according to the almanac, they ought to have been men. The Emperor probably thought that there would be time enough for the lads to burden their young minds with affairs of state. He seemed likely to live for many years, and he did not see any need to hurry. But death overtook him when he was still in his prime, and Nicholas II found himself at the age of twenty-six called to occupy the most difficult throne in the world without any adequate training in the business of kingship.

If in the overshadowing personality and dominating will conjoined to the strong domestic affection of Alexander III we find the key to the unpreparedness of Nicholas II for the duties of the Czardom, another must be sought in the character of his mother. The Princess Dagmar of Denmark, now known as the Dowager Empress of Russia, comes from the famous Danish family whose marriages have made the King of Denmark the grandfather of European royalty. The King of Greece, the Queen of England, the Dowager Empress of Russia are his children. The Czar of Russia and the King of Norway are his grandchildren. The Danish royal family possesses great qualities. It is charming, amicable and gracious, physically well gifted and prolific of offspring. But it has the defects of its qualities, and although every one likes the royal Danes, they are not very commanding personalities. They are by no means without character. But their princesses are not fashioned of the stuff out of which Elizabeths or Catherines are evolved.

Nicholas' Views on Eastern Questions

THE Princess Dagmar, like her sister Alexandra, adapted herself with dutiful obedience to the exigencies of the court into which she had been transplanted. Never was there a more loyal wife than the Empress of Alexander III, and she would have regarded it as little less than treason to have thwarted the wishes of her husband by forcing on the intellectual development of their children. Perhaps imperceptibly she acquired something of the same habit of ascendency, nor did her maternal instinct discern in time the harm which the unchecked gratification of family affection may do to those who are too much overshadowed by a mother's love, too carefully shielded from the rude but bracing blast of the outside air. All her children adore her, and the very depth of their devotion rendered it impossible for them to look at anything save through their mother's eyes.

The first serious attempt to equip the heir to the throne for the duties which lay before him was when Nicholas was sent on a voyage round to Asia. He traveled through India, and the lad was not by any means favorably impressed with the sight of the Empire which all Russians are supposed to long to possess. "I do not like your India," he told me years afterward. "It does not seem to me good. The government is too costly for a population that is so very poor, and then the gulf that is between the British and the Indian is not human." From India he went to the Far East, and when in Japan he was attacked by a Japanese who smote him on the head with a sword, dealing him a blow which might easily have been fatal. Fortunately his cousin of Greece was near at hand and the prince was rescued. That cut on the head dealt by a Japanese swordsman has served as the basis for many legends, some relating to the Emperor's health and others to the effect which it had upon his policy. They are all lies. The Emperor himself referred to one of them the last time we met as a sample of the absurd stories that some people repeat. "They say," he remarked, "that I hate the Japanese and made war on Japan because of that incident. How preposterous! It was only the act of one madman. And as for making me hate the Japanese, I have always liked them very much"—and, as we all know, no one regretted the war more than he. He had as one of his traveling companions Prince Oukhtomsky, who for some years afterward continued to be a friend and counselor, and it was not until that friendship was chilled that the darker shadows gathered over the new reign.

Nicholas came back by Siberia. He brought home with him a strong conviction that the domination of Asiatic races by Europeans was good for neither. Russia's Empire seemed to him vast enough for any ambition, and the last thing that he desired was to advance its frontiers. After his return, he had a more painful initiation into the

grimmer responsibilities of Empire in the duty placed upon him in connection with the famine which in 1891 afflicted European Russia. But in political affairs he was almost entirely unversed when, in 1894, at the age of twenty-six, he was suddenly called to the Russian throne.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the famine and the round-the-continent trip, when Nicholas came to the throne he was about as unqualified to play the rôle of autocrat as any living man. He was diffident, and as nervous as a débutante in a ballroom. He was of a loving, affectionate nature, full of generous aspirations, but absolutely without any actual experience of the rough workaday world. He had suffered a great shock by the unexpected death of his idolized father, and he clung all the more closely to his widowed mother. The simplicity and modesty of his nature made him realize intensely the contrast between his own boyish ignorance and the immense pinnacle of absolute power to which he had been so suddenly elevated. For, though a great deal of practical education had been denied him, he had been brought up in the atmosphere of a secluded court whose spiritual and intellectual director was M. Pobiedonesteff and whose one all-pervading maxim was that Autocracy, Orthodoxy and Nationality are the three foundations of Russia's greatness. His boyhood was passed in the midst of the pleasing illusion that the Czardom was not only the divinely appointed, providential instrument for the salvation of the nation, but that the whole hundred millions of Russians were happily and enthusiastically conscious of the blessings vouchsafed them in the existence of the sovereign. He accepted this comfortable belief as children accept the good things of this life, as part of the natural order of the universe, and he harmonized it with the occasional bombs of the Nihilists with no more difficulty than devout believers find in reconciling the existence of evil with a universe created by universal love.

The death of his father summoned him from the fairy-land of a secluded childhood into the stern realities of actual life. Death is a stern monitor, and he was soon to experience how uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Death and marriage, the most momentous episodes in human existence, are usually separated by an interval long enough to render it impossible for the funeral bakemeats to coldly furnish forth the marriage feast. But the exigencies of the Russian Court rendered it necessary that the new Emperor should pass almost at once from the grave of his sire to the chamber of his bride. Alexander III died November 1, 1894; Nicholas married on November 14 in the same year Princess Alexandra Alix of Hesse. He was twenty-six, she was twenty-two. They both were born in the Russian May which lags thirteen days behind the May of Western lands. There had been a brief but delightful courting-time in the previous spring, when the youthful lovers spent a month on the reaches of the upper Thames. Then began the idyl of a love which has deepened and strengthened with the years, and which is at present the one great human solace that sustains the Emperor in the midst of all the cares and troubles of the State.

The Emperor's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who was born in 1878, was, when I saw him, only a year older than was Nicholas at his accession. A more ingenuous, open-hearted young man I have seldom met. But it was impossible not to feel that this delightful human creature was, in all the practical affairs of practical life, a very boy, just such a boy as his brother must have been when he was suddenly summoned to the throne. The dominant note of the Emperor's character is sympathetic receptivity, which, combined with good-hearted amiability, renders him at once one of the most delightful of companions, but one of the worst of disputants. His instinct is always to admit the force of whatever argument is addressed to him, his one thought is how to agree with his companion rather than to dissent from him, to see the good even in the worst of men and of things, and to avoid, if possible, the rough and craggy corners of angular dissent. It is easy to see how the natural bent of this temperament was strengthened by the necessity, from which he could not escape in the first year of his reign, of subordinating his own personal wishes and ideas to those of the grave and experienced statesmen whom he inherited from his father's Cabinet.

Never was mortal man less qualified to be an autocrat than the youth upon whom descended in all its crushing weight the well-nigh insupportable burden of the unlimited autocracy. By nature full of a beautiful idealism, dreaming as a boy of being "the people's king," like Scott's hero, James of Scotland, in the Lady of the Lake, he found himself the responsible chief of a vast administration compelled to deal at every turn with the grim, stern facts of life. The *modus vivendi* established by his predecessors between the ideals and the realities of life seldom erred by yielding too much to the former side, and Nicholas II found himself within the iron bars of destiny which yielded as little to his pleading as the wires of a lark's cage to the lay of the imprisoned songster. With a philosophy not uncommon to mortals, he reconciled himself to his fate by a cheerful optimism which enabled him to see the best side of everything, even when it was most opposed to his own wishes. It is difficult to imagine two temperaments more diverse than those of the young Emperor and his aged tutor and master, the Procurator of the Holy Synod: the one a young, impulsive optimist, idealistic and inexperienced; the other an old, cynical pessimist, without hope and without ideals.

The Captive of the Servants

M. POBIEDONESTEFF—with whom was linked M. Durnovo, Minister of the Interior—began by crushing in the bud at the very threshold of the reign the generous, confiding hopes of the nation in their new sovereign. On the fateful day when the newly-ascended Emperor had to meet the delegates from the representatives of the nation, his old ministers put into his mouth a bitterly wounding speech which destroyed like a winter frost the budding promise of the springtime of the reign. The Zemstvo of Twer, in its address, ventured to express a hope that the Emperor would enforce the law equally upon his officials as upon his other subjects. This was resented as *lèse-majesté* by M. Durnovo and M. Pobiedonesteff. They reported to the Emperor that the Twer address was so seditious it was impossible for them to lay it before him. The existence of such sentiments among the Zemstvos, they assured him, demanded a severe rebuke, and they framed for him a speech in which he rebuked all those who indulged in "idiotic dreams" concerning the participation of the elected representatives of the people in the government of the Empire. With this they coupled a round, mouth-filling declaration in favor of the maintenance of the absolute autocracy. It must have cost Nicholas II a bitter moment when he read this harangue and prepared for its rehearsal. But he did not realize, nor did even his sinister advisers, the ruinous effect which that speech had upon the fortunes of his reign. It cut up by the roots the hopes of the nation, which settled down sullenly into the apathy of despair.

Nicholas II from that moment became the more or less helpless captive of the officials—the bureaucracy which runs the machine, the "permanents" who control the transient politicals who from time to time are nominally in charge of Ministries. The strength of a Czar to control his own officials lies in the confidence which he inspires in his people. If he is not their tribune, he becomes merely the chief Tchmovnik in the hands of the whole hierarchy of Tchmovniks. Nicholas II was cheated out of that confidence by the "idiotic dreams" speech before his reign was a year old. He was deprived of any chance of recovering it by the adroit use which was made by his masters of the threats of the Terrorists. He was kept secluded from his subjects. Nicholas II delights in travel. He enjoys nothing so much as moving about from place to place, meeting new faces, encountering fresh experiences. But, under a plea of the need for protecting him against assassination, all this was forbidden him. He was warned against appearing in public. He often disregarded these warnings, and until a year ago he might be seen driving almost unattended through the streets of St. Petersburg. But the constant pressure of the official environment tended more and more to seclude him from the eyes of his subjects, until at last he became almost a recluse at Peterhof, or at Tsarskoe-Selo, or at Livadia; an absentee monarch on the outside rim of Russia.

The combined influence of the Tchmovniks and of the Terrorists was powerfully reënforced, although quite unintentionally, by the affectionate solicitude of his wife. The Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, a young and beautiful girl of twenty-two, came to her bridegroom almost as unversed in the affairs of the world as her husband. If he had suffered from the too great overshadowing of parental love, she suffered from the opposite. Her mother, the good Princess Alice, had died when the daughter was six. Her father, the Grand Duke Ludwig IV, was not happy in his widowerhood, and he died two years before her marriage. The marital experiences of her sister Elizabeth, who had married the Grand Duke Serge in 1884, had been even more unhappy. The young Empress was as beautiful as the sunrise and graceful as a fawn, but she was German, not Russian. She was a stranger in a strange land. She was reserved and shy. The severe etiquette of the Court, which forbids subjects to speak to their sovereign until they are first spoken to, created round the Empress a vacuum of silence ill to be borne. When she first arrived in Russia before her marriage, she brought with her the simple ways of the princesses of Hesse, and her unceremonious proposal to go a-shopping on the Nevski Prospect nearly paralyzed with horror the Mistress of the Court. She had not a particle of that instinct of theatrical effect which is inborn in the Hohenzollerns. She shrank into herself, and concentrated her life more and more upon the one man in the world who thoroughly understood her and who lavished upon her all the wealth of a very affectionate nature. She lived only for her husband, and, by a not unnatural, although unfortunate, logic of the heart, she may perhaps have argued that he should as completely live for her. Hence the beautiful devotion of a happily married pair combined with the intrigues of the Tchmovniks and the threats of the Terrorists to seclude Nicholas II from his subjects.

The routine work of an Emperor is wearing and unending. He has to sign official papers all day long, with brief intervals devoted to the more or less perfunctory reception of officials, home or foreign. The Czar has a treadmill of a throne. With the exception of intervals for exercise, occasional duck-shooting when at Peterhof, and at rare intervals a short cruise among the lovely isles of the Finnish archipelago, he is chained to the laboring oar from sunrise to sundown. When

(Concluded on Page 51)

Castle Yesterday — By Reginald Wright Kauffman

In the Valley of Contentment, just beyond the Hills of Old,
Where the streams are always silver and the sunshine always gold,
Where the hour is ever morning and the skies are never gray,
In the yellow haze of springtime stands the Castle Yesterday.

Oh, the seasons that we spent there when the whole wide world was young;
The friends we've had as maid and lad; the songs that we have sung!
The echoes of their music cannot quite have died away,
But still must thrill the rooftree of the Castle Yesterday.

And the loving hearts we knew there in the time of trust and truth,
Surely still they wait behind us in the Pantheon of Youth!
But the Angel of the Valley at the portal bars our way,
And a flaming sword forbids us from the Castle Yesterday.

When the pilgrimage is ended, may we turn then, may we change
To the vanished and familiar from the present and the strange?
Whoso chooses to his Heaven—I shall be content to stay
Where the ghosts of dead years wander through the halls of Yesterday.

"BY THE ROD OF HIS WRATH"

By William Allen White

As the Dinner Hour Grew Near She Raged — So the Servants Said — Whenever the Telephone Rang

SATURDAY afternoons, when the town is full, and farmers are coming in to the office to pay their subscriptions for the Weekly, it is our habit, after the paper is out, to sit in the office and consider with one another, as we look over into Main Street, where perhaps five hundred people are milling, the nature of our particular little can of angle worms and its relation to the great forces that move the world. The town often seems to us to be dismembered from the earth, and to be a chunk of humanity drifting through space by itself, like a vagrant star, forgot of the law that governs the universe. Go where our people will, they find change; but when they come home, they look out of the hack as they ride through town, seeing the old familiar buildings and billboards and street-signs, and say with surprise, as Matthew Boris said after a busy and eventful day in Kansas City, where he had been marketing his steers: "Well, the old town seems to keep right on the same."

The old men in town seem always to have been old, and though the middle-aged do sometimes step over the old-age line, the young men remain perennially young, and when they grow fat or dry up, and their hair thins and whitens, they are still called by their diminutive names, and to most of us they are known as sons of the old men. Here a new house goes up, and there a new store is built, but they rise slowly, and every one in town has time to go through them and over them, and criticise the architectural taste of the builders, so that by the time a building is finished it seems to have grown into the original consciousness of the people, and to be a part of their earliest memories. We send our children to Sunday-school, and we go to church and learn how God's rewards and His punishments fell upon the men of old, who were faithful or recreant; but we don't seem to be like the men of old, for we are neither very good nor very bad—hardly worth God's while to sort us over for any uncommon lot. Only once, in the case of John Markley, did the Lord reach into our town and show His righteous judgment. And that judgment was shown so clearly through the hearts of our people that very likely John Markley does not consider it the judgment of God at all, but the prejudice of the neighbors.

When we have talked over the case of John Markley in the office, we have generally ended our talk by wondering whether God—or whatever one cares to call the force that operates the moral laws, as well as those that in our ignorance we set apart as the physical laws of the world—whether God moves by cataclysm and accidents, or whether He does not move with His blessings and chastisements, through human nature as it is, in the ordinary business of the lives of men. But we have never settled that in our office any more than they have in the great schools, and as John Markley has never said what he thought of the town's treatment of him, being game to the end, it will never be known which side of our controversy is right.

Years ago, perhaps as long ago as the drought of seventy-four, men began calling him Honest John Markley. He was the fairest man in town, and he made money by it, for when he opened his little bank Centennial year, which was the year of the big wheat crop, farmers stood in line half an hour at a time, at the door of his bank, waiting to give him their money. He was a plain, uncollared, short-whiskered man, brown-haired and gray-eyed, whose wife always made his shirts and, being a famous cook in town, kept him round and chubby. He referred to her as "Ma," and she called him "Pa" Markley so insistently that when we elected him State Senator, after he made his bank a National bank, in 1880, the town and county couldn't get used to calling him Senator Markley, so "Pa" Markley it was until after his Senatorial fame had been forgotten. Their children had grown up and left home before the boom of the eighties came—one girl went to California and the boy to South America; and when John Markley began to write his wealth in six figures—which is almost beyond the dreams of avarice in a town like ours—he and his wife were a lonely couple and knew little what to do with their income.

They bought new furniture for their parlor, and the Ladies' Missionary Society of the First Methodist Church, the only souls that saw it with the linen jackets off, say it was lovely to behold; also John Markley bought everything the fruit-tree man had in his catalogue, and their five acres on Exchange Street were pimpled over with shrubs that never bloomed and trees that never bore. He passed the hat in church—being "a brother-in-law to the organization," as he explained; and he sang Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching at Grand Army entertainments, and always as an encore dragged "Ma" out and they sang Dear, Dear, What Can the Matter Be? as a duet. She was a skinny, sharp-eyed, shy little woman in her late fifties when the trouble came, and though she rose at every annual meeting of the church to give a hundred dollars, her voice never lasted until she got through announcing her donation, and she sat down demurely, blushing and looking down her nose as though she had disgraced the family. She lost a brother in the war, and never came further out of mourning than purple flowers in her bonnet; and as she bought John Markley's clothes, his Sunday finery contained nothing giddier than a gray made-up tie, that she pinned around the collar which her own hands had ironed.

Slowly as their fortune piled up, and people said they had a million, his brown beard grizzled a little, and his brow crept up and up and his girth stretched out to forty-four. But his hands did not whiten or soften, and though he was Honest John, and every quarter section of land that he bought doubled in value by some magic that he only seemed to know, he kept the habits of his youth, and rose early, washed at the kitchen basin, and was the first man at his office in the morning. At night after a hard day's work he smoked a cob-pipe in the basement, where he could spit into the furnace and watch the fire until nine o'clock, when he put out the cat and bedded down the fire, while "Ma" set the buckwheat cakes. They never had a servant in the house.

We used to see John Markley pass the office window a dozen times a day, a hale, vigorous man, whose heels clicked hard on the sidewalk as he came hurrying along—head back and shoulders rolling. He was a powerful, masculine, indomitable creature, who looked out of defiant, cold, unblinking eyes. But the town was proud of him; he was our "prominent citizen," and when he was elected president of the district bankers' association, and his name appeared in the papers as a possible candidate for United States Senator, or Minister to Mexico, or Secretary of the Interior, we were glad that Honest John Markley was our fellow-townsman.

And then came the crash. Man is a curious creature, and, even if he is nine parts good, the old Adam in him must burn out one way or another in his youth, or there comes a danger period at the height of his middle life when his submerged tenth that has been smoldering for years flares up and destroys him. Wherefore the problem which we have never been able to solve, though we have talked it over in the office a dozen times. That was whether John Markley began to feel, before he met the Hobart woman, that he wasn't getting enough out of life for the money he had invested in it, or whether she put the notion into his head.

It is hardly correct to speak of his having met her, for she grew up in the town, and had been working for the Markley Mortgage and Investment Company for half a dozen years before he began to notice her. From a brassy, street-gadding child of twelve, whose mother crowded her into grown-up society before she left the high school, and let her spell her name Ysabelle, she had developed like a rank weed; married at nineteen, divorced at twenty-one, and having tried music teaching and failed, and china painting and failed, she learned stenography by sheer force of her own will, with no instruction save that in her book, and opened an office for such work as she could get, while aiming for the best job in town—cashier and stenographer of the Markley Mortgage Company. It took her three years to get in and a year to make herself invaluable. She was big and strong and did the work of two men for the pay of one, and for five years John Markley, who saw that she had plenty of work to do, did not seem to know that she was on earth. But one day, "Alphabetical" Morrison, who was in our office picking up his bundle of exchanges, looked rather idly out of the window, and suddenly stopped his roving eyes upon John Markley and Mrs. Hobart, standing in front of the post-office talking. The man at the desk near Morrison happened to be looking out at the moment, and he, too, saw what Morrison saw—which was nothing at all, except a man standing beside a woman. Probably the pair had met in exactly the same place at exactly the same time, and had exchanged an idle word daily for five years, and no one had noticed it, but that day Morrison unconsciously put his hand to his chin and scratched his jaw, and his eyes and the man's at the desk beside him met in a surprised interrogation, and Morrison's mouth and nose twitched, and the other man said, as he turned his face in to his work: "Well, wouldn't that get you!"

The conversation went no further. Neither could have said what he saw. But there is something in every human creature—a survival of our jungle days, which lets our eyes see more than our consciousness records in language. And these men who saw Markley and the woman could not have defined the canine impression which he gave them. Yet it was there. The volcano was beginning to smoke.

It was a month later before the town saw the flames. During that time John Markley had been walking to and from his midday dinner with Isabel Hobart, had been helping her on and off with her wraps in the office, and had been all but kicking up the dirt behind him and barking around her, as the clerks there told us, without causing any comment. An honest man always has such a long start when he runs away from himself that no one misses him until he is beyond extradition. Matters went along thus for nearly a year before the woman in the cottage on Exchange Street knew how they stood. And that speaks well of our town; for we are not a mean town, and if any one ever had our sympathy it was Mrs. Markley, as she went about her quiet ways, giving her missionary teas, looking after the poor of her church, making her famous doughnuts for the socials, doing her part at the Relief Corps chicken-pie suppers, digging her club paper out of the encyclopedia, and making over her black silk the third time for every day. If John Markley was cross with her in that time—and the neighbors say he was; that he would sit for hours in the house without saying a word, and grumble and fly into a rage at the least ruffling of the domestic waters—his wife kept her grief to herself; and even when she left town to visit her daughter in California no one knew what she knew.

A month passed, and two months, while John Markley's name was a byword and a hissing; and three months, and four, and a half-year went by, and still the wife did not return. And then one day Ethan Lennan, who prepared John

Markley's abstracts, came into our office and whispered to the man at the desk that there was a little paper filed in the court which, under the circumstances, Mr. Markley would rather we would say as little about as consistent with our policy in such cases. Lennan didn't say what it was, and backed out bowing and eating dirt, and we sent a boy hot-foot to the courthouse to find what had been filed. The boy came back with a copy of a petition for divorce that had been entered by John Markley, alleging desertion. John Markley did not face the town when he brought his suit, but left for Chicago on the afternoon train, and was gone nearly a month. The broken little woman did not come back to contest the case, and the divorce was granted.

The day before his wedding to Isabel Hobart, John Markley shaved off his grizzled brown beard, and showed the town a face so strong and cunning and brutal that men were shocked; they said that she wished to make him appear young, and the shave did drop ten years from his countenance. But it uncovered his soul so shamelessly that it seemed immodest to look at his face. Upon their return from their wedding trip, the employees of the Markley Mortgage Company, at John Markley's suggestion, gave a reception for the bride and groom, and the Lord first laid a visible stripe on John Markley when he stood with his bride for three hours, waiting for the thousand invited guests who never came. "Alphabetical" Morrison, who owed John Markley money, and had to go, told us in the office the next day that John Markley in evening clothes, with his great paunch swathed in a white silk vest, smirking like a gorged jackal, showing his fellow-townsmen for the first time his coarse, yellow teeth and his thin, cruel lips, looked like some horrible cartoon of his former self. Colonel Morrison did not describe the bride, but she passed our office that day, going the rounds of the dry-goods stores, giggling with the men clerks—a picture of sin, that made men wet their lips. She was big, oversexed, animal and feline; rattling in silks, with an aura of sensuousness around her which seemed to glow like a coal, without a flicker of kindness or shame or sweetness, and which all the town knew instinctively must clinker into something black and ugly as the years went by.

So the threshold of the cottage on Exchange Street was not darkened by our people. And when the big house went up—a palace for a country town, though it cost John Markley only $25,000—he, who had been so reticent about his affairs in other years, tried to talk of the house to his old friends, telling them expansively that he was putting it up so that the town would have something in the way of a house for public gatherings. But he aroused no responsive enthusiasm, and long before the big opening reception his fervor had been quenched. And though we are a curious people, and though we were all anxious to know how the inside of the new house looked, we did not go to the reception; only the social pretenders, and the traveling men's wives at the Metropole, whom Mrs. Markley had met when she was boarding during the week they moved, gathered to hear the orchestra from Kansas City, to eat the Topeka caterer's food, and to fall down on the newly-waxed floors of the Markley mansion. But our professional instinct at the office told us that the town was eager for news of that house, and we took three columns to write up the reception, and our description of the place began with the swimming-pool in the cellar and ended with the ballroom in the third story.

The Shave Did Drop Ten Years from His Countenance But it Uncovered His Soul so Shamelessly that it Seemed Immodest to Look at His Face

It took John Markley a long time to realize that the town was done with him, for there was no uprising, no demonstration; just a gradual loosening of his hold upon the community. In other years his neighbors had urged him and expected him to serve on the school-board, of which he had been chairman for a dozen years, but the spring that the big house was opened a woman was elected in his place. At the June meeting of the Methodist Conference a new director was chosen to fill John Markley's place on the college board, and when he canceled his annual subscription no one came to ask him to renew it. In the fall his party selected a new ward committeeman and, though Markley had been treasurer of the committee for a dozen years, his successor was named from the other bank, and they had the grace not to come to Markley with the subscription-paper asking for money. It took some time for the sense of the situation to penetrate John Markley's thick skin; whereupon the fight began in earnest, and men around town said that John Markley had knocked the lid off his barrel. He doubled his donation to the county campaign fund; he crowded himself at the head of every subscription-paper; and frequently he brought us communications to print, offering to give as much money himself, for the library, or the Provident Association, or the Y. M. C. A., as the whole town would subscribe combined. He mended church roofs under which he never had sat; he bought church bells whose calls he never heeded, and paid the greater part of the pipe-organ debts in two stone churches. Colonel Morrison remarked in the office one day that John Markley was raising the price of popular esteem so high that none but the rich could afford it. "But," chuckled the Colonel, "I notice old John hasn't got a corner on it, and he doesn't seem to have all he needs for his own use." For the wrench that tore open his treasure-chest loosened John Markley's hard face, and he began to smile. He became as affable as a man may who has lived for fifty years silent and self-contained. He beamed upon his old friends, and once or twice a week he went the rounds of the stores making small purchases, to let the clerks bask in his sunlight.

If a new preacher came to town the Markleys went to his church, and Mrs. Markley tried to be the first woman to call on his wife. All the noted campaign speakers assigned to our town were invited to be the Markleys' guests, and Mrs. Markley sent her husband, red-necktied, high-hatted and tailor-made, to the trains to meet the distinguished guest, and if the man was as much as a United States Senator, Markley hired the band, and in an open hack rode in solemn state with his prize through the town behind the tinkling cymbals, and then, with much punctility, took the statesman up and down Main Street afoot, into all the stores and offices, introducing him to the common people. At such times John Markley was the soul of cordiality. He seemed hungry for a kind look and a pleasant word with his old friends. About this time his defiant eyes began to lose their boring-points, and to wander and hunt for something they had lost. When we had a State convention of the dominant party, the Markleys saw to it that the Governor and all the important people attending, with their wives, stopped in the big house. The Markleys gave receptions to them, which the men dared not ignore, but sent their wives out of town and went alone. This familiarity with politicians probably gave the Markleys the idea that they might help their status in the community if John Markley ran for Governor. He announced his candidacy, and the Kansas City papers, which did not appreciate the local situation, spoke well of him; but his boom died in the first month, when some of his old friends called at the backroom of the bank to tell him that the Democrats would air his family affairs if he made another move. He looked up pitiably into Ab Handy's face when the men were done talking and said: "Don't you suppose they'll ever quit? Ain't they no statute of limitation?" And then he rose and stood by his desk with one arm akimbo and his other hand at his temple as he sighed: "Oh, h—l, Ab—what's the use? Tell 'em I'm out of it!"

Mrs. Markley seems to have shut him out of the G. A. R., thinking maybe that the old boys and their wives were not of her social level, or perhaps she had some idea of playing even with them, because their wives had not recognized her; but she shut away much of her husband's social comfort when she barred his comrades, and they in turn grew harder to him than they were at first. As the Markleys entered their second year, Mrs. Markley alone in the big house, with only the new people from the hotel to eat her dinners, and with only the beer-drinking crowd from the West Side to dance in the attic ballroom, had much time to think, and she bethought her of the lecturers who were upon the college lecture course, whereupon John Markley had to carve for authors and explorers, and an occasional Senator or Congressman, who paid for his dinner and lodging, after a hard evening's work on the platform, by sitting up on a gilded high-backed and uncomfortable chair in the stately reception-room of the Markley home, talking John into a snore, before Isabel let them go to bed. Isabel sent the accounts of these affairs to the office for us to print, with the list of invited guests, who never accepted. And the town grinned.

At the end of two years John Markley's fat wit told him that it was a losing fight. He had been dropped from the head of the Merchants' Association; he was cut off the executive committee of the Fair; he was not asked to serve on the railroad committee. And his old friends, when he invited them over to spend the evening at his house, always had good excuses, which they gave him later over the telephone, and their wives, who used to call him by his first name, hardly recognized him on the street. He quit coming to our office with pieces for the paper telling the town his views on this or that local matter. And he gradually gave up the fight for his old place on the school board.

The clerks in the Markley Mortgage Company office say that he fell into a moody way, and would come to the office and refuse to speak to any one for hours. Also, as the big house often glowed until midnight for a dance of the social culls, shorts and mill ends who used the Markley ballroom, rent free, as a convenience, John Markley grew to have a sleepy look by day, and lines came into his red, shaved face.

At Night After a Hard Day's Work He Smoked a Cob-Pipe in the Basement, Where He Could Spit into the Furnace and Watch the Fire Until Nine o'Clock

He grew anxious about his health, and a hundred worries tightened his belt and shook his great fat hand just the least in the world, and when through some gossip that his wife brought him from the kitchen he felt the scorn of an old friend burn his soul like caustic, for many days he would brood over it. And finally care began to chisel down his flinty face, to cut the fat from his bull neck, so that the cords stood out, and, through staring in impotent rage and pain at the ceiling in the darkness of the night, red rims began to worm around his eyes. He was not sixty years old then, and he had lashed himself into seventy.

But his money-cunning did not grow dull. He kept his golden touch and his impotent dollars piled higher and higher. The pile must have mocked Isabel Markley, for it could bring her nothing that she wanted. She stopped trying to give big parties and receptions. Her social efforts tapered down to little dinners for the new people in town. But as the dinner hour grew near she raged—so the servants said—whenever the telephone rang, and in the end she had to give the dinner scheme up, too.

So there came a time when they began to take trips to the seashore and the mountains, flitting from hotel to hotel. And in the office we knew when they changed quarters, for at each resort John Markley would see the reporters and give out a long interview, which was generally prefaced by the statement that he was a prominent Western capitalist, who had refused the nomination for Governor or for Senator, or for whatever Isabel Markley happened to think of; and papers containing these interviews, marked in green ink, came addressed to the office in her stylish, angular hand. Or, during grand opera season, one might see the Markleys hanging about the great hotels of Chicago or Kansas City, he a tired, sleepy-faced, prematurely old man, who seemed to be counting the hours till bedtime, and she a tailored, rather over-fed figure, with a freshly varnished face and unhealthy, bright, bold eyes, walking slightly ahead of her shambling companion, looking nervously about her in search of some indefinite thing that was gone from her life.

One day John Markley shuffled into our office, bedizened as usual, and fumbled in his pocket for several minutes before he could find the copy of the Mexican Herald containing the news of his boy's death in Vera Cruz. He had passed the time of life for tears, yet when he asked us to reprint the item he said sadly: "The old settlers will remember him—maybe. I don't know whether they will or not." He seemed a pitiful figure as he dragged himself out of the office—so stooped and weazened, and so utterly alone, but when he turned around and came back upon some second thought, his teeth snapped viciously as he snarled: "Here, give it back. I guess I don't want it printed. They don't care for me, anyway."

The boys in his office told the boys in our office that the old man was cross and petulant that year, and there is no doubt that Isabel Markley was beginning to find her mess of pottage bitter. The women around town, who have a wireless system of collecting news, which is not unlike a newspaper's, said that the Markleys quarreled, and that she was cruel to him. Certain it is that she began to go around with young boys, and made the old fellow sit up in his evening clothes until scandalous hours, for sheer appearance' sake, while his bed was piled with the wraps of boys and girls from what our paper calls the Handholders' Union, who were invading the Markley home, eating the Markley olives and canned lobster, and dancing to the music of the

Markley mechanical piano. Occasionally a young traveling man would be spoken of by these young people as Isabel Markley's fellow.

Mrs. Markley began to make fun of her husband to the girls of the third-rate dancing set whose mothers let them come to her house; also, she reviled John Markley to the servants. It was known in the town that she nicknamed him the "Goat." As for Markley, the fight was gone from him, and his whole life was devoted to getting money. That part of his brain which knew the accumulative secret kept its tireless energy. But his emotions, his sensibilities, his passions seemed to be either atrophied or burned out, and, sitting at his desk in the back room of the Mortgage Company's offices, he looked like a busy spider spinning his web of gold around the town. It was the town theory that he and Isabel must have fought it out to a finish about the night sessions; for there came a time when he went to bed at nine o'clock, and she either lighted up and prepared to celebrate with the cheap people at home, or attached one of her young men, and went out to some impossible gathering. And thus another year flew by.

One night when the great house was still John Markley grew sick and, in the terror of death that, his office people say, was always with him, rose to call for help. In the dark hall he must have lost his way feeling for an electric-light switch, for he fell down the hard oak stairs. It was never known how long he lay there unable to move one-half of his body, but his wife stood nearly an hour at the front door that night, and when she finally switched on the light, she and the man with her saw Markley lying before them with one eye shut and half his face withered and dead, the other half around the open eye quivering with hate. He choked on an oath, and shook a gnarled bare arm at her. Her face was flushed and her tongue was unsure, but she laughed a shrill, wicked laugh and cried: "Ah, you old goat; don't you double your fist at me!"

Whereupon she shuddered away from the shaking figure at her feet and scurried upstairs. And the man standing in the doorway, wondering what the old man had heard, wakened the house, and helped to carry John Markley upstairs to his bed.

It was nearly three months before he could be wheeled to his office, where he still sits every day, spinning his golden web and filling his soul with poison. They say that, helpless as he is, he may live for a score of years. And, Isabel Markley knows how old she will be then. A thousand times she has counted it.

To see our town of a summer twilight, with the families riding abroad behind their good old nags, under the overhanging elms that meet above our newly-paved streets, one would not think that there could exist in so lovely a place so miserable a creature as John Markley is; or as Isabel, his wife, for that matter. For the town—out beyond Main Street, which is always dreary and ugly with tin gorgons on the cornices—the town is a great grove springing from a blue-grass sod, with porch boxes making flecks of color among the vines; cannas and elephant ears and foliage plants rise from the wide lawns; and children bloom like moving flowers all through the picture.

There are certain streets, like the one past the Markley mansion, upon which we make it a point always to drive with our visitors—show streets we may as well frankly call

(Concluded on Page 32)

THE OLD SWORD

A Story of the Higher Courage

By WILL PAYNE

THE usual crowd awaited the distribution of the afternoon mail—coatless men, many of them collarless, smoking and gossiping. There were a few women over by the three shelves and the fly-specked showcase that held Postmaster Spratt's stock of notions, among them thin, sharp Mrs. Angus, the doctor's wife, who had stepped in bareheaded from the drug store, and Editor Truman's wife, a vague-looking blonde with eyeglasses, who gave a high titter when the acid comment of the doctor's lady hit a raw spot.

Mr. Handy, the stout county treasurer, miserably trickling perspiration, talked politics languidly with Mr. Toller, the justice of the peace—a man so slight and straight that he resembled a weather-beaten hitching post in a gray wig. Banker Bostwick came up, coatless like them, but more particular as to his linen, portly and unctuous, talking in a loud voice to attract attention to himself.

Varney drifted in, round-shouldered and absent-minded, in a rusty alpaca jacket. The banker suddenly checked his noisy loquacity. Varney nodded to them and sauntered on, pausing to look at a mechanical toy—left over from Christmas—on the dingy showcase, finally picking it up and experimenting with it. He had seen his niece, but he paid no attention to her.

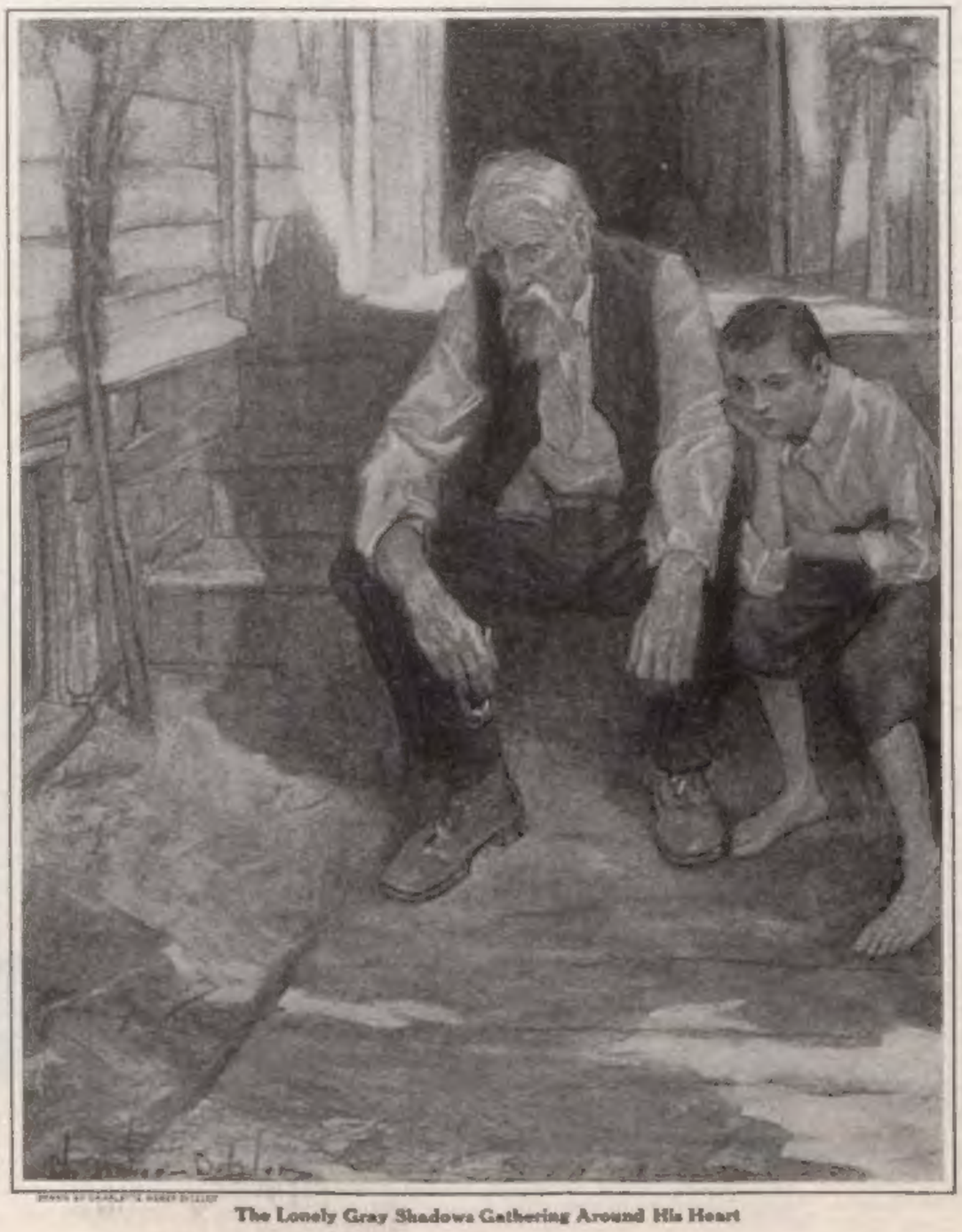
Emma Stratton stood against the wall at the end of the shelves with very little individualized impression of the loitering crowd. In spite of her resolution her shining eyes turned now and then to box Number 306. Each time it was empty and each time the emptiness stung her heart. Behind the wall of little glass-faced letter-boxes Postmaster Spratt and his bulky, chubby son went on leisurely sorting the mail.

Sam threw in the last letter, and the postmaster clapped open the cracked wooden wicket, toward which people began crowding. Emma shut her lips firmly and looked again. The last letter had gone into box 306. She started blindly forward with the others. The same glance took in Sam Spratt's grin and the lithographed return-card on the corner of the envelope that he handed out. As she flew home, the letter tight in her hand, she hardly saw the squat, dingy, brick courthouse in the middle of its dusty square or the straggling frame shops that mostly needed paint.

Varney's house, like most others in Centralia, was a story-and-a-half frame. It was still when Emma entered; but Johnny, her half-brother, lay on the dining-room floor over an old atlas on which he was again tracing the long way, across many States, to Albany, New York.

Emma went to the front room without speaking, sat by the window and opened her letter. For some time she kept reading it over word by word. She knew that Johnny had slipped in and taken the willow rocker at the other window and was watching her.

"Well, Johnny"—the words melted softly into a sigh of pure joy—"I'm going. He says to come; he'll give me a place." She looked down at the letter again and brushed the tip of her slim, brown finger lovingly over the date line, Albany, New York—the land of her heart's desire, where the family, as she understood it, had amounted to something.



The Lonely Gray Shadows Gathering Around His Heart

The lad moved his nervous hands along the arms of the chair.

"That will be fine—for you, Emma," he said, a little uncertainly, and looked down. He was only eight, long-legged, with a thin face and big blue eyes. She noticed the patches on his well-worn trousers and the one frayed suspender over his hickory shirt. He, of course, would stay behind. Presently he got up, silently, and left the room.

This was what she wished. She loved Johnny; but her going meant loneliness for him, and she could not bear any flaw in her triumph which was all the more intoxicating because it came at her first big trial of life. Immediately after her father's death she had resolved to get away. For more than a year she had studied shorthand and typewriting with Mrs. Matthews, the lawyer's wife, who had been a court reporter. Then, when Mrs. Matthews said she was fit for office work, she had launched her ship, writing to a distant relative who was a prosperous business man in Albany. In all this she had known what her going meant, particularly as to leaving Johnny; but she had kept her will firm—and the good ship had come in.

Alone, she stood up, a tall girl of eighteen, dark—her smooth cheeks with a faint, duskily rosy tinge. She began moving slowly about the house, a slight, dreaming smile touching her red lips and shining in the depths of her brown eyes. She touched various objects, both taking leave of them and verifying her triumph by them—the seashells and the vase of dried grasses on the whatnot; the glass dome over the gilt clock on the mantel that never ran; the oval, walnut-framed photograph of her father and mother, taken soon after they came West, before she was born, and already much faded. From the dim face of the mother she could recover no personal sense.

There was another and later photograph which she kept, almost surreptitiously, in her bedroom. She wished to see it now, and climbed the steep, bare stairs. It was a likeness of her stepmother, and it exhaled that mysterious spell of romance which the woman herself had possessed for the growing girl who had often seen her fretful and selfish and ready to cry with vexation over little things. She had been so pretty! The pictured face laughed, showing even little teeth and a roguish dimple. She had always dressed prettily, too—in Centralia, where nearly everything was shabby and battered.

Emma had an impression that Annetta had been rather expensive. It was for her that Emma's father had built the smart new house, full two stories, with a deep veranda where most people had merely doorsteps, and the long, stylish-looking French windows. But this, too, was romance; so much a

She was the Sword

man did for the love of a pretty woman. The girl's beauty-hungry eyes had dwelt, with a subtle, fluttering prescience of the coming of love, upon the lovely woman who, in spite of obvious faults, had fed her dream.

Otherwise the dream had mainly fed itself. She had merely liked Joe Prothroe—that was all. There had been one call, faint, but all the more romantic for that. It had been a beautiful youth, with a name that suited him—Paul Devere. He had merged upon them from the world without, as a poetic figure should, and in his brief sojourn had been Annetta's friend. That, too, was fitting—beauty turning to beauty. She had been only a schoolgirl then, too humble before the face of love really to think of him for herself; only giving the more homage to her pretty stepmother.

She knew it was silly, and even a sort of moral weakness, to think of Paul Devere now, especially as she could apprise the incidental fact that he had been only an itinerant agent for something or other. Yet all the dreams, someway, were coming true.

And she had won! In her heady mood she slipped across to Uncle Charley's bedroom and opened the closet. The sword and belt that he had worn as a captain in the Civil War hung there. She took down the rusty leather scabbard and drew the sword, still silver bright. The blade, slim, beautiful and shining, made her heart beat with a strange love. It was hers, or, someway, she was the sword, straight, bright, dedicated to the world-passion of men. Her slender brown fingers gripped the rough, wire-bound hilt. She had won, like a man!

Yet it was Uncle Charley's sword, and he had not won. This had vaguely puzzled her before.

Certainly Uncle Charley had won nothing. He had only a poor, cobwebby office over the drug store where he made a very little money as an insurance agent and a very little more as a conveyancer and abstracter. The most dependable part of his income was the two hundred and fifty dollars a year that he earned as township collector of taxes. He was often in debt for small sums, too, as she knew; but that seemed to trouble him as little as anything else.

It was an old, dreary story to her—how her father and Uncle Charley, who had married sisters, had left eastern New York with considerable money and had come too far west, where the rain was uncertain. They had bought too much land. As far back as she could remember they were always trying to pay something to Banker Bostwick or else turning over some property to him. Her father had said that three per cent. a month, the banker's regular rate, was a hard game to beat. Yet, up to the last, he had kept on trying it. Uncle Charley was different. She remembered what he had said when she proposed going back to the country they had come from. He had drawn a ring with his fork on the red and white checked tablecloth, smiling, and said: "Life's just a circle." She was musing over that when she heard Johnny at the foot of the stairs:

"Uncle Charley's coming, Emma!"

It was suppertime. She hastily put up the sword and ran down to prepare the meal, entering the kitchen as Varney plodded tranquilly in.

"I'm going, Uncle Charley!" She flashed it out at him, breathlessly, aglow. "Mr. Barnett says to come. I got the letter to-day."

He hung his well-worn straw hat on a nail.

"Well, that's good, Emma," he replied cheerfully. "I guess it's a good chance for you. Frank Barnett's got rich, I hear." He was pulling up his sleeves and going over to the kitchen sink. "He was a brisk sort of youngster."

He filled the tin wash-basin with cold water. As he stooped to wash, the frayed, baggy trousers pulled up, exposing a hand's breadth of cotton sock above the rusty cowhide shoes.

"Barnett's got rich, I hear," he repeated cheerfully, rumpling hair and beard as he polished his face with the towel. "He took over the old grist mill that your father and I didn't see any use running any longer, and he made it into a paper mill. Your father and I thought it was a great chance to get away from the old hills and come out to this new country." He laughed good-naturedly as he combed the scanty gray beard. "I guess it would have been, too, if it hadn't been for the drought and hail and other things—and the three per cent. a month. Brother Bostwick ate us up."

Uncle Charley was not usually so loquacious, and the commonplace talk, like the commonplace things he did—washing and brushing his beard and absent-mindedly hanging the towel over his old hat—subtly wounded the girl who was aflame with the great idea of going away.

"He takes it coolly enough," she thought, and went silently about her work of preparing supper over the gasoline stove.

Varney was perfectly aware of her secret impatience with him. They were very good friends; but he felt that his bread was not exactly sweet to her. He had small resentment: it was natural for youth to seek its own. Yet in the year and a half that she had been in his house she had often troubled him by a likeness to one that was gone—her mother having been his wife's sister. He understood that her young eyes could never see in his dull, aging lineaments the youth with a soft, curly beard, fresh from the great scenes of the war, bending over one that looked like her. "If the girl but knew," he thought with a sharp pain.

Her voice cut decisively through his revery: "Of course I shall want to draw my money to-morrow."

This was her little fortune, the four hundred dollars that her mother had inherited and kept for her, handing it on to her father, who, some weeks before he died, had given it to her. He had shown her the money—in a heavy little sack, all in gold, that he had kept in the house as though it were different from other money. She, too, had kept it in the house. Then, nearly a year before, Mr. Bostwick, who seemed someway to know about it, had called her into the bank and explained how unsafe it was to have the money in the house, and offered to pay her interest on it. Uncle Charley was away from town that day on his tax-collecting. But it had seemed hardly necessary in any event to take the advice of one who was so unsuccessful in managing his own affairs. So she had carried the money to Bostwick.

She thought Uncle Charley was displeased—no doubt because she had not asked his consent. It was a subject that they had said very little about. The small empty sack in her bureau had troubled her from time to time, but everybody said Bostwick's bank was sound, and it was her own money to do as she pleased with. She spoke now decisively.

Varney looked over at her a moment. There seemed almost to be anger, at least a kind of rejection, in his level glance. "You let it alone, Emma," he answered dryly. "I'll get the money for you."

She colored, for there was something both peremptory and satirical in his tone.

"I'll get it for you, my girl," he repeated quietly and kindly, as though to take away the sting.

For after the first flash of scorn his heart was humble. He thought: "Why should I blame her, any more than the other one, if she puts a trial of life or death upon me? It is their way."

"I'll see Bostwick to-morrow," he said again mildly. There seemed an obscure meaning in the words, and for an instant she subtly felt the presence of something big and protecting. Yet how could there be anything obscure about simply drawing her money out of the bank?

II

MR. BOSTWICK'S bank was very economically conducted. Usually the banker opened it in person about eight o'clock, first sprinkling the floor from a tin watering-pot and sweeping it; then dusting the counter and desk, unlocking the big safe and taking out the two account-books, the fat wallet full of notes, a small handful of currency for the cash-drawer, and a heavy brass tray with slots in it that held silver coins and had a hollow at the side where some gold was always displayed.

Sometimes, if the banker's affairs took him into the country, he simply locked the door and tacked up a sign saying when he would return. Occasionally, however, he called in Sam Spratt, the postmaster's son, to run the bank—with limitations. That is, Sam would take in all the money that was offered, but pay out none. Often, also, Bostwick had Sam in to post up the books and do like odd jobs. Sam's services were cheap.

Varney, sitting by the window of his cobwebby office, watched the bank, and saw Sam go in almost as soon as the door opened. Then, about ten o'clock, the banker's sidebar buggy drove up from the stable and Bostwick went away in it, leaving Sam in charge.

So Varney waited. His business was not with an underling. At noon Bostwick had not come back.

Varney went over to the midday dinner with his usual leisurely air. It proved a very silent meal.

In the night and all the forenoon that obscure meaning that had seemed to lie in his simple words had haunted Emma's mind.

The family had certainly been unfortunate in money matters. One thing after another had been swallowed up. She saw her gold disappear in the stream in some inexplicable way. She reproached herself for having let it out of her hands. And then—its recovery seemed to depend upon Uncle Charley, and how could his lax fingers recover anything? So much depended upon her having the money now. In her anxiety she blamed him. She waited, feverishly, through the morning, and caught her breath when at last she saw him coming. But he merely hung up his hat and went to the sink. She was too proud and hurt to question him. She would go herself.

She waited through the meal; but he did not offer a word about the money. When she saw him leave the house she felt a conviction that the money was lost. He had lost it in some inexplicable way, and put off telling her. She would go herself——

Yet she waited. To go would be like putting an open affront upon him, and if he did not bring it, that was simply because it was lost.

Meanwhile Varney sat by the dingy window, watching the bank. Bostwick returned about three o'clock, and soon after Sam Spratt left, so the banker was alone.

"This is the time," said Varney's heart, and he arose, in the full habit of his courage. There was a sombre glow in the depths of his eyes; but he was not armed. There would be time for that later.

Mr. Bostwick, well content with his day's work—for the sale of the chattels that he had foreclosed on had paid him out—was affectionately putting his gold in neat little stacks of a hundred dollars each when Varney entered. The banker glanced up, smiling blandly.

He had a constant habit of beaming, and his sanguine complexion gave it a peculiar sultriness. He was smooth-shaven, but the roots of his red beard showed faintly under the skin of his fat cheeks, continuing the color scheme that was formed by the fringe of red hair around his pink head.

The counter of varnished pine, topped by a wire netting, that divided the little banking-room, was continued, at the farther end, in a flap which, being raised, gave ingress to the space behind. Varney walked to the flap, lifted it and entered.

A kind of dubious pause came upon the banker. His fingers stopped piling the gold and he elevated his sandy eyebrows questioningly; but before he had really made up his mind Varney was at his side.

He looked into the banker's eyes and put his hand on the banker's wrist, lifting the fond fingers away from the gold.

His Fingers Stopped Piling the Gold

"I came for the girl's money," he said.

Mr. Bostwick sank rather fatly back against the counter, his heavy under lip pendulous and trembling slightly.

Varney counted five stacks of gold and put them in his pocket.

"I'll send you her receipt for it," he said, again looking into the banker's eyes.

Beneath the paralysis that crippled him the banker felt an incredulous rage, as though he were being victimized by some impossible trick.

"Oh, I say—look here—by George!" he stammered.

Varney merely looked at him and walked to the flap and from behind the counter.

"You don't need to send any receipt!" Bostwick managed to blurt out, as Varney reached the door; but the depositor went out without looking around; and in a moment the paralysis lightened and let the rage boil up.

"Old bum! Old dead beat! Hold me up! Hold *me* up!" he stammered, raising his voice as he recovered it. It seemed that even the counter and desk which he was addressing must abhor the outrage. "Old dead beat! Old bum! The second time!" Tears trickled down his quivering cheeks. "I'll show him! I'll show him a thing or two!"

III

EMMA sat idly at the window in the front room watching the thin veil of dust drift by the squat shoulders and dingy cupola of the courthouse. That typified Centralia, and something was asking her whether it could be possible that the mean, dead little hamlet still had some power within itself, some irresistible principle of its inertia which would hold her fast. She could not go without money, and if she missed this chance with Mr. Barnett, how long might she have to wait to another?

Her contempt for what held her spurred her resolution. Centralia could not keep her! With a kind of bitter determination, she reshaped her purpose, heating it with her scorn, hammering it with her will. She would work. She could probably get a little typewriting to do at the courthouse now and then. Perhaps Mrs. Matthews could get her some shorthand assignments near by. By little and little she would earn and save the money to go. She thought of the sword and her will uplifted. Yes! She would go!

Her thought was so vital that she started a little at the opening of the door, as though some one might catch her visibly in its presence.

It was only Uncle Charley. He came in, round-shouldered and leisurely as usual; approached, and poured the money into her lap.

Her breath stopped. She could scarcely form the words: "Is it—is it——"

Varney nodded, smiling a little, his old straw hat pushed back on his head. "It's your money, Emma."

She touched a large coin, lifted it, and the weight sent a prickling along her nerves. She could think of nothing to say.

"I thought I'd fetch it over to you," said Varney, his hands falling rather limp at his side. Of course, she was not thinking of him at all. It was natural enough. "I guess it's all there," he added, and walked away.

It was only when he was at the door that the girl realized him. The aging, shabby, round-shouldered figure going out moved her. A surge of inexplicable remorse came up in her heart. She wished to run to him; to throw her arm about him. But, of course, he had merely brought over her money and was now going back to his office. It was all commonplace enough. Her impulse faded, and the moment after she was left alone the miracle of the gold returned upon her.

Her hands trembled slightly as she laid them on the heap and slowly ran her thrilling fingers through it, fascinated. It was hers—her hope come true, her opportunity. She told the coins over, one by one, with eyes that saw nothing else; her gold, heavy, opulent, magical, with the suave might to open that door against which she beat! She loved the rich, beautiful coins and loved herself for them. It was her mother's gold, too, and her mother's mother's, treasured for her. She felt herself lifted up, invested with dignity and power. The gold crowned her. Centralia, Uncle Charley, all the commonplace things, fell away from her height.

"Emma! Can I have some bread and butter?" Johnny's voice piped at the kitchen door.

It comforted her, someway, that his want was so small and vulgar.

"Yes," she called, and began, quite hastily, putting the gold on the floor. Then she stopped with a sudden shame, for he was already at the door, looking at her.

He came across to her chair, almost timidly, with wide eyes, and looked a moment at the glittering heap in her lap.

"It's your money, ain't it?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Gee, they're pretty!" he murmured, and picked up a coin. "How much is this one?"

"That's twenty dollars."

"As much as that?" He picked up another, turned it over and read the inscription. "This is ten dollars." He turned the coins quite idly in his small fingers. "I guess I never saw as much money as that." He seemed to be talking to himself.

She wished to give him the coin he held; to say: "You keep that one, Johnny." But with the heap in her lap that would be too stingy.

"I guess—my mother didn't have any," he said. He was not looking at her, yet it seemed half a question.

Many times, when he was younger, she had held him in her arms and rocked him to sleep, feeling his heavy little head against her breast. Now, of course, he was bigger, and she had worked all she could with her shorthand and typewriting. She wished, again, to take him in her arms; but someway the whole structure of her victory seemed imperiled. And it was a simple and proper thing for her to have her own money.

"I'll get you the bread and butter," she said hastily; and rapidly put aside the money.

He took the bread and butter simply. Presently she peered from the kitchen window and saw him sitting on the back stoop, alone. From the droop of his shoulders and the slow, mechanical way he ate she understood that he, too, was musing, with a perplexed heart, over the problems of his life, just as she mused. The solitary figure looked very small.

It tarnished the glory of the gold; yet she had done nothing wrong. In fact, what she did was just and necessary. It was her money from her mother. Although she was young she had worked hard and persistently at her shorthand and typewriting and certain studies that Mrs. Matthews had recommended, denying herself pleasures. And all from a worthy ambition. She had kept her will straight and bright.

She took the gold up to her room and stood a while at the bureau, her figure oddly lax, her mind mysteriously baffled and uncertain. She was not thinking exactly, but groping against something vague. Annetta's photograph laughed up at her. Annetta knew the secret of asserting one's self by the right of beauty and one's impulse for a larger flight. It seemed almost that she was telling the secret now in that gay smile. Emma put the money into the sack and definitely dropped that into the bureau and locked the drawer. It was hers.

At that time Varney sat in his office, his sinewy hands folded in his lap, waiting. But no challenge came. The hot afternoon wore tranquilly away until the elongated shadow of the courthouse cupola, with half its window-panes broken, lay in the dust of the street before the drug store, and the west glowed. Apparently Bostwick elected to wait.

Closing the office was a mere matter of walking out and turning the key in the door. This Varney did. He was aware, as when he started for the bank, of the heavy revolver that had been the only insignia of his office when he served two terms as sheriff in the early days and which had long lain untouched in the desk. But that was for the last resort. As he walked home his rusty alpaca jacket flapped over empty pockets.

Emma greeted him gayly. "I've begun my packing," she said. That had revitalized the triumph for her and her mind glowed. She knew the steel was in her will, but she did not care.

He understood that, in her triumph, she was scarcely thinking of him.

"Been a warm day for the first week in September," he observed as he pulled up his sleeves.

After supper he went out on the back steps to smoke his pipe as usual. The lonely gray shadows gathered upon his heart; but he accepted them simply. They belonged to him. There was steel in his will, too, but of a deadlier temper than hers. Johnny came out and sat silently beside him, and he laid his hand comfortingly on the lad's thin knee, comprehending that the brave little man also felt the gray shadows. They were commonly a wordless pair. Emma noticed them sitting there.

It was dusk when Varney came in and she was standing by the door. Abruptly, all unexpectedly to both of them, she slipped an arm around him and lightly kissed his bearded cheek as he stooped to reach the latch.

She had not purposed it at all. For a moment they stood strangely embarrassed; but she recovered first.

"For my board and lodging," she said gayly, and passed out.

She wondered why she had done it, yet was glad. There were no blood ties between them. In Annetta's time he had been almost a stranger to their house; so that words and acts of affection were not common to them.

Varney stepped into the kitchen and slowly, almost wonderingly, put his hand to his cheek. It had been long since a woman's kiss, even as light as this, had fallen upon his face. It came to him that the last time it had happened it pledged him to what the next day might require him to fulfill.

"Well, for board and lodging, my dear," he thought quaintly; and he felt arms in his hands.

The morning, however, began as tranquilly as the day before had ended, and it was not until ten o'clock that Varney, waiting in the shabby office, heard from Bostwick. He was not puzzled by the delay. Like a good soldier, he had counted upon the effectiveness of a surprise the day before; but he rather expected that Bostwick would get around to make a counter-move in time. He knew the banker's long, persistent will.

At ten o'clock the county treasurer came lumbering up the narrow stairs. Mr. Handy looked grave as he crossed the cobwebby office and took the chair by the unkempt desk.

"Charley, Bostwick won't pay this check," he said. In one large, sweating hand he held the check whereby Varney, as township collector of taxes, had turned over to the superior officer, as required by law, the public funds then on deposit in the bank to his credit. The amount was three hundred and sixty-seven dollars. "He says, Charley, that you drew out the money yesterday and carried it away with you." The county treasurer worried the tuft of gray

They Saw an Aging, Shabby, Round-Shouldered Figure in a Rusty Alpaca Jacket Moving Steadily Across the Square

whisker below his nether lip, frowning heavily. His words amounted, of course, to a charge of defalcation, and the county treasurer showed what he thought of it by growling wrathfully: "Dog-gone old dough-face!" Yet he looked worried, for he knew how difficult it was, sometimes, for simple, peaceable men to deal with unctuous Mr. Bostwick.

It was clear enough to Varney. Bostwick had charged to his account as township collector the money that he had taken for Emma. He had not thought of that course.

"Well—I guess we know each other, John," he said simply. He plucked thoughtfully at his beard. "There's an old account between me and Bostwick. It appears he wants it settled. I'm ready." He dropped his hand to the desk, looked at his friend, and added: "It's the kind of accounf between men that they don't settle in court."

Aunt Spruitt

The county treasurer softly cleared his throat and lowered his glance, unhappy and perplexed.

There had been a time in the new country when Justice held a simpler scale, and it had seemed right to them that if a man touched certain things that were another's he might be required to answer in the oldest and simplest way known to men. That time was past. They were old, and civic creatures, living in a civil state.

"Charley—I don't like it." Mr. Handy paused, frowning and unhappy, his troubled eyes searching his friend's face. It was easy to object—yet there sat Varney; one who had never been quarrelsome in any case, nor, in certain cases, had ever given ground. It drifted through the county treasurer's disturbed mind how the four riotous cowboys had come to "shoot up" the courthouse, not liking a sentence passed on one of their friends, and the sheriff, lean and rather round-shouldered even then, had stood in the door, a hand in his coat pocket, and told them they must not come up the steps, and they had not come. They were simple men. That a man must fight if he had the cause seemed the first fact of manhood.

"I don't like it, Charley," Mr. Handy muttered again, looking down.

"Well, I don't like it myself, John," Varney replied. He understood his friend's reluctance and the honest affection that went with it. His mind drifted a moment, and in that moment the swift, soft fall of a girl's kiss upon his cheek came back to him. His hand closed mechanically as he stared down at the desk. "Something's happened!"—he vaguely uttered the thought, referring to the kiss.

It was one of the quarter-minutes in which Fate thrusts the balance before a man's face and he must choose. He touched Handy's knee.

"John, you and Ed Toller are both on my bond," he said in a voice as though he were telling a secret. "We'll get Ed and go over to the bank and lay the case before Bostwick. Maybe he'll be decent. If he won't"—he paused and nodded—"you'll know whether I had good cause."

"We'll go," said the county treasurer, and as they stood up he put his hand on his friend's shoulder. "I'm mighty peaceable, Charley; but you know there's things I wouldn't ask any man to do."

IV

THE three aging men—the county treasurer, the justice of the peace and the collector of taxes, all ridiculously dressed—went to the bank together.

Mr. Bostwick was not beaming much that morning. On the contrary, he eyed them coldly. Sam Spratt was behind the counter with him, looking important.

Handy spoke courteously: "We'd like to see you, Mr. Bostwick"—and led the way down the counter.

Such an invitation from the largest depositor could not be refused, and, from his side of the counter, the banker entered the little back parlor as they stepped in from their side. All four silently took seats. Handy and Toller laid their hats on the table as though they were in court. These pacific signs cheered Mr. Bostwick.

"We came over with Charley to see if we couldn't get this thing straightened up," said the county treasurer.

Then Bostwick recalled that they were Varney's bondsmen, and naturally attributed their presence to prudent and interested motives. This further cheered him. He raised his sandy eyebrows and beamed.

"Varney took the money. Can't pay checks without money, you know," he said genially. "Let him fetch back the money and I'll pay the check." He even laughed with a little gurgle.

Varney spoke up quietly: "The money that I took belonged to Emma Stratton. It was hers from her mother. Bostwick got her to deposit it with him one day when I was out of town. I knew what he meant, for I knew he was a thief."

"Oh, I am, am I?" the banker bawled. "Well, I'll show you what you are before I get through with you. I'll have you in jail if you don't bring that money back here!"

Varney's calm insult galled an old, intolerable wound, and set that incredulous rage to boiling again. For twice this mere tramp had thrust the edge of a sword against his face and his soul had mysteriously, inexplicably collapsed.

"The money was the girl's, and you intended to take it," Varney replied, as quietly as before.

"Well, I'll show you it wasn't hers!" Bostwick smote the table with his fist. In the bottom of his heart he still feared that thrust of the sword which had pricked him like a blown-up bladder; and he blustered all the more, striving consciously, and with rage, to keep himself inflated.

"I'll show you now!" His voice was loud enough to be heard across the street. "I don't care whether the money came from her mother or grandmother or great-grandmother. There wasn't any will or anything else. The money was, and is now, a part of Tom Stratton's estate, and I've got a valid claim against that estate."

It was what Varney wished to hear him affirm. He said: "Consisting of a note payable to Paul Devere."

Bostwick considered an instant and replied defiantly: "Well, what of that?"

"I guess you remember the man that called himself Paul Devere," said Varney slowly, looking at Handy and Toller, then down at his folded hands. "His business was swindling women. He went over the country selling 'em packages of shoddy cloth and furbelows and so on that wasn't any good. He preferred to catch 'em alone when their men folks wasn't around, and he'd take their notes if their husbands had property. I suppose he found a good many husbands would pay rather than have it be found their wives had been so silly as to be swindled by a pretty young man, or the wives themselves would raise some money and pay rather than have their husbands find out what fools they'd been. It was really just blackmailing, with Paul Devere's cute little mustache and blue eyes stock-in-trade. It wasn't much—fifty dollars here and seventy-five there; and the man selling the notes for half their face to some money-lender and skipping out.

"I don't know's I've got any right to say that the man found a smarter rascal, because I can't prove it on Bostwick. Only the man himself was a fool, and there was a man that knew—something; knew about a foolish, discontented woman whose husband was supposed, at that time, to have considerable property. Anyway, Paul Devere got acquainted with this foolish woman, and then there was a fine lot of hocus-pocus about an option on a gold mine and a note that she was to sign with her own name and her husband's name that was to be used as collateral security for a while and then returned—with the profits on the gold mine deal."

"Oh, go ahead! Go ahead!" Mr. Bostwick exclaimed, jeering, as Varney paused.

"She signed the note," said Varney, "and then she realized what she'd done—betraying her good husband's trust that way and compromising herself. She came straight to me, frightened and repentant, and asked me to help her. I told her I'd get back the note, and I meant to. It happened that a couple of young farmers had found out about their wives being swindled—one out of her egg and butter money; the other with a note—and they'd inquired around and uncovered some more of Mr. Devere's work; so a delegation came to town to find the young man. Two or three quick-tempered ones brought their shotguns. Devere got word and ran out of the hotel like a scared rabbit, and fell down. Tom Stratton was the man that picked him up, scared out of his wits. So Tom, out of pity and contempt, ran him home and hitched up and drove out of town with him. That was how I happened to miss him. As it turns out he didn't have the note, anyway. Bostwick's got it."

"And means to keep it," said the banker.

Without regarding him, Varney went on in a low voice: "I know it's a poor kind of story, common as mud—just an ordinary swindle; and that's why it's all the more binding on me. I'd been sort of an enemy of that woman. Tom Stratton and I married sisters, you know, and I couldn't like the idea of his marrying again. Annetta was mighty pretty, too, like a picture of a woods I saw once that made you think if you got in there you'd be happy forever. I don't know as you can understand it, or as I can altogether understand it myself: but it's true that her looking so desirable made a kind of jealousy or envy in me—not about her so much as about what you might call beauty in general—so it was all the easier to regard her as a sort of enemy.

"I saw this fellow Devere around her and I didn't say anything. I started to Tom's house one evening and I saw the two standing by a corner of the porch talking, and I just walked on. You see, there was sort of a chunk of grit in my soul and it said: 'Let the little fool go!' She was the kind of woman to understand such a thing right away. She knew I was sort of taunting her and it just egged her on. When she realized what she'd done about the note she came straight to me. Her instinct was true, you see, for I was a kind of partner in it. She was mightily frightened. She said to me: 'You've been judging me; judge me now when I want to be saved.' And I said to her: 'Rest easy. That note will never trouble you!'"

In the pause Mr. Handy softly cleared his throat. Varney laid his hands on the table, laxly, palms up. "I hadn't had a weapon in my hands since I was required to as sheriff; but I took one that night. We say it ain't right, and I don't think it is right unless you're driven to it; but if you're born with it in you——"

He passed his hand over his brow. "I remember," he went on, "one day on the way to Chattanooga. The Rebs had been holding a little stone church and peppering us pretty lively and we'd peppered back. Then our fellows brought up a cannon to knock the church to pieces. The firing stopped and, someway, it was mighty nasty while they were loading the piece. All of a sudden the little church looked very still. It came to me that there hadn't been any firing from it for a minute or two before we stopped, and everybody might be dead or wounded inside and get mangled for nothing. They had the piece loaded, and of a sudden I shouted to 'em to wait, and ran and jumped into the window of the church.

"Probably anybody would justify that. The minute I decided to do it, I felt as though my soul had been all cleaned up and was free. Well, when I told Annetta that I'd get her note, and was ready to do whatever was necessary, I felt just the same way. There was the poor, hurt creature, you see, and all the meanness of my having been a kind of enemy to her and stood by sneering, and my friend Tom, and his nasty, doglike business of taking advantage of her and swindling her—and it all passed away when I started out for the note. I felt light-hearted and easy."

(Continued on Page 23)

"When Women Like You Get Careless—Sometimes Men Have to Die"

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

XII—FROM THE BEDSIDE

NEXT morning when I saw the weltering sky I resigned myself to a day of dullness; yet before its end I had caught a bright new glimpse of John Mayrant's abilities, and also had come, through tribulation, to a further understanding of the South; so that I do not, to-day, regret the tribulation As the rain disappointed me of two outdoor expeditions, to which I had been for some little while looking forward, I dedicated most of my long morning to a sadly neglected correspondence, and trusted that the expeditions, as soon as the next fine weather visited Kings Port, would still be in store for me. Not only everybody in town here, but Aunt Carola up in the North also, had assured me that to miss the sight of Live Oaks when the azaleas in the gardens of that country seat were in flower would be to lose one of the rarest and most beautiful things which could be seen anywhere; and so I looked out of my window at the furious storm, hoping that it might not strip the bushes at Live Oaks of their bloom, which recent tourists at Mrs. Trevise's had described as drawing near the zenith of its luxuriance. The other excursion to Udolpho with John Mayrant was not so likely to fall through Udolpho was a sort of hunting lodge or country club, near Tern Creek and an old colonial church, so old that it bore the royal arms upon a shield still preserved as a sign of its colonial origin. A note from Mayrant, received at breakfast, informed me that the rain would take all pleasure from such an excursion, and that he should seize the earliest opportunity the weather might afford to hold me to my promise. The wet gale, even as I sat writing, was beating down some of the full-blown flowers in the garden next Mrs. Trevise's house, and as the morning wore on I watched the paths grow more strewn with broken twigs and leaves.

I filled my correspondence with accounts of Daddy Ben and his grandson, the carpenter, doubtless from some pride in my part in that, but also because it had become, through thinking it over, even more interesting to-day than it had been at the moment of its occurrence; and in replying to a sort of postscript of Aunt Carola's in which she hurriedly wrote that she had forgotten to say she had heard the La Heu family in South Carolina was related to the Bombos, and should be obliged to me if I would make inquiries about this. I told her that it would be easy, and then described to her the Teuton, plying his "antiquity" trade externally while internally cherishing his collected skulls and nursing his scientific rage. All my letters were the more abundant concerning these adventures of mine from my having kept entirely silent upon them at Mrs. Trevise's tea-table. I dreaded Juno when let loose upon the negro question; and the fact that I was beginning to understand her feelings did not at all make me wish to be deafened by them. Neither Juno, therefore, nor any of them, learned a word from me about the kettle-supporter incident. What I did take pains to inform the assembled company was my gratification that the report of Mr. Mayrant's engagement being broken was unfounded; and this caused Juno to observe that in that case Miss Rieppe must have the most imperative reasons for uniting herself to such a young man

Unintimidated by the rain, this formidable creature had taken herself off to her nephew's bedside almost immediately after breakfast; and later in the day I, too, risked a drenching for the sake of ordering the packing-box that I needed. When I returned it was close on tea-time; I had seen Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael send out the hot coffee to the conductor, and I had found a negro carpenter whose week it happily was to stay sober; and now I learned that, when tea should be finished, the poetess had in store for us, as a treat, her Ode.

Our evening meal was not plain sailing, even for the veteran navigation of Mrs. Trevise; Juno had returned from the bedside very plainly displeased (she was always candid even when silent) by something which had happened there; and, before the joyful moment came when we all learned what this was, a very gouty Boston lady who had arrived with her husband from Florida on her way North—and whose nature you will readily grasp when I tell you that we found ourselves speaking of the man as Mrs. Braintree's husband and never as Mr. Braintree—this crippled lady, who was of a candor equal to Juno's, embarked upon a conversation with Juno that compelled Mrs. Trevise to tinkle her bell for Daphne after only two remarks had been exchanged. Juno, according to her custom, had remembered something objectionable that had been perpetrated in 1865 by the Northern vandals.

"Edward," said Mrs. Braintree to her husband in a capably clear voice, "it was at Chambersburg, was it not, that the Southern vandals burned the house in which were your father's title-deeds?"

Edward, who, it appeared, had fought through the whole Civil War, and was in consequence perfectly good-humored and peaceable in his feelings upon that subject, replied hastily and amiably: "Oh, yes, yes! Why, I believe it was!"

But this availed nothing; Juno bent her great height forward and addressed Mrs. Braintree. "This is the first time I have been told Southerners were vandals."

"You will never be able to say that again!" replied Mrs. Braintree.

After the bell and Daphne had stopped, the invaluable Briton addressed a genial generalization to us all: "I often think how truly awful your war would have been if the women had fought it, y'know, instead of the men"

"Quite so!" said the easy-going Edward. "Squaws! Mutilation! Yes!" and he laughed at his little joke, but he laughed alone.

I turned to Juno. "Speaking of mutilation, I trust your nephew is better this evening."

I was rejoiced by receiving a glare in response. But still more joy was to come.

Miss St. Michael's Visit was *Ostensibly* to the Bride

"An apology ought to help cure him a lot," observed the Briton

Juno employed her policy of not hearing him.

"Indeed, I trust that your nephew is in less pain," said the poetess.

Juno was willing to answer this. "The injuries, thank you, are the merest trifles all that such a lightweight could inflict." And she shrugged her shoulders to indicate the futility of young John's pugilism

"But," the surprised Briton interposed, "I thought you said your nephew was too feeble to eat steak or hear poetry"

Juno could always handle her own contradictions—but she did raise her voice a little. "I fancy, sir, that Doctor Beaugarçon knows what he is talking about."

"Have they apologized yet?" inquired the male honeymooner from the up-country.

"My nephew, sir, nobly consented to shake hands this afternoon. He did it entirely out of respect for Mr. Mayrant's family, who coerced him into this tardy reparation, and who feel unable to recognize him since his treasonable attitude in the custom house."

"Must be fairly hard to coerce a chap you can't recognize," said the Briton

An et cetera now spoke to the honeymoon bride from the up-country: "I heard Doctor Beaugarçon say he was coming to visit you this evening"

"Yais," assented the bride. "Doctor Beaugarçon is my mother's fourth cousin"

Juno now took—most unwisely, as it proved—a vindictive turn at me. "I knew that your friend, Mr Mayrant, was intemperate," she began

I don't think that Mrs. Trevise had any intention to ring for Daphne at this point—her curiosity was too lively; but Juno was going to risk no such intervention, and I saw her lay a precautionary hand heavily down over the bell. "But," she continued, "I did not know that Mr Mayrant was a gambler."

"Have you ever seen him intemperate?" I asked.

"That would be quite needless," Juno returned. "And of the gambling I have ocular proof, since I found him, cards, counters and money, with my sick nephew. He had actually brought cards in his pocket."

"I suppose," said the Briton, "your nephew was too sick to resist him"

The male honeymooner, with two of the et ceteras, made such unsteady demonstrations at this that Mrs. Trevise protracted our sitting no longer. She rose, and this meant rising for us all

A sense of regret and incompleteness filled me, and finding the Briton at my elbow as our company proceeded toward the sitting-room, I said: "Too bad!"

His whisper was confident: "We'll get the rest of it out of her yet."

But the rest of it came without our connivance.

In the sitting-room Doctor Beaugarçon sat waiting, and at sight of Juno entering the door (she headed our irregular procession) he sprang up and lifted admiring hands. "Oh, why didn't I have an aunt like you!" he exclaimed, and to Mrs. Trevise as she followed: "She pays her nephew's poker debts."

"How much, cousin Tom?" asked the up-country bride.

And the gay old doctor chuckled, as he kissed her: "Thirty dollars this afternoon, my darling."

At this the Briton dragged me behind a door in the hall, and there we danced together.

"That Mayrant chap will do," he declared; and we composed ourselves for a proper entrance into the sitting-room, where the introductions had been made, and where Doctor Beaugarçon and Mrs. Braintree's husband had already fallen into war reminiscences, and were discovering with mutual amiability that they had fought against each other in a number of battles.

"And you generally licked us," smiled the Union soldier.

"Ah! don't I know myself how it feels to run!" laughed the Confederate. "Are you down at the club?"

"Too Sick to Resist Him"

But upon learning from the poetess that her ode was now to be read aloud, Doctor Beaugarçon paid his fourth cousin's daughter a brief, though affectionate, visit, lamenting that a very ill patient should compel him to take himself away so immediately, but promising her presently in his stead two visitors much more interesting.

"Miss Josephine St. Michael desires to call upon you," he said, "and I fancy that her nephew will escort her."

"In all this rain?" said the bride.

"Oh, it's letting up, letting up! Good-night, Mistress Trevise. Good-night, sir; I am glad to have met you." He shook hands with Mrs. Braintree's husband. "We fellows," he whispered, "who fought in the war have had war enough." And bidding the general company good-night, and kissing the bride again, he left us even as the poetess returned from her room with the manuscript.

I soon wished that I had escaped with him, because I feared what Mrs. Braintree might say when the verses should be finished; and so, I think, did her husband. We should have taken the hint which tactful Doctor Beaugarçon had meant, I began to believe, to give us in that whispered remark of his. But it had been given too lightly, and so we sat and heard the Ode out. I am sure that the poetess, wrapped in the thoughts of her own composition, had lost sight of all but the phrasing of her poem and the strong feelings which it not unmusically voiced; there is no other way to account for her being willing to read it in Mrs. Braintree's presence.

Whatever gayety had filled me when the Boston lady had clashed with Juno was now changed to deprecation and concern. Indeed, I myself felt almost as if I were being physically struck by the words, until mere bewilderment took possession of me; and after bewilderment a little, a very little, light, which, however, rapidly increased. We were the victors, we the North, and we had gone upon our way with songs and rejoicing—able to forget, because we were the victors. We had our victory; let the vanquished have their memory. But here was the cry of the vanquished, coming after forty years. It was the time which at first bewildered me; Juno had seen the war, Juno's bitterness I could comprehend, even if I could not comprehend her freedom in expressing it; but the poetess could not be more than a year or two older than I was; she had come after it was all over. Why should she prolong such memories and feelings? But my light increased as I remembered she had not written this for us, and that if she had not seen the flames of war she had seen the ashes; for the ashes I had seen myself here in Kings Port, and had been overwhelmed by the sight, forty years later, more overwhelmed than I could possibly say to Mrs. Gregory St. Michael, or Mrs. Weguelin, or anybody. The strain of sitting and waiting for the end made my hands cold and my head hot, but nevertheless the light which had come enabled me to bend instantly to Mrs. Braintree and murmur:

"*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*"

But my petition could not move her. She had seen the flames of war; and so she said to her husband:

"Edward, will you please help me upstairs?"

And thus the lame, irreconcilable lady left the room with the assistance of her unhappy warrior, who must have suffered far more keenly than I did.

This departure left us all in a constraint which was becoming unbearable when the blessed doorbell rang and delivered us, and Miss Josephine St. Michael entered with John Mayrant. He wore a most curious expression; his eyes went searching about the room, and at length settled upon Juno with a light in them as impish as that which had flickered in my own mood before the Ode.

To my surprise, Miss Josephine advanced and gave me a special and marked greeting. Before this she had always merely bowed to me; to-night she held out her hand. "Of course my visit is not to you; but I am very glad to find you here and to express the appreciation of several of us for your timely aid to Daddy Ben. He feels much shame in having said nothing to you himself."

And while I muttered those inevitable modest nothings which fit such occasions, Miss St. Michael recounted to the bride, whom she was ostensibly calling upon, and to the rest of our now once more harmonious circle, my adventures in the alleys of Africa. These loomed, even with Miss St. Michael's perfectly quiet rendering of them, almost of heroic size, thanks, doubtless, to Daddy Ben's tropical imagery when he first told the tale; and before they were over, Miss St. Michael's marked recognition of me changed Juno's feelings not to peace merely, but esteem; and from the questions which Juno now put to me you would never have dreamed of our recent unamiable relations. It was at Juno's own request that I brought down from my chamber and displayed to them the kettle-supporter.

I have said that Miss St. Michael's visit was *ostensibly* to the bride; and that is because for some magnetic reason or other I felt diplomacy like an undercurrent passing among our chairs. Young John's expression deepened, upon the entrance of Juno, to a devilishness which his polite manners veiled no better than a mosquito netting; and I believe that his Aunt, on account of the battle between their respective nephews, had for family reasons deemed it advisable to pay, indirectly, under cover of the bride, a state visit to Juno; and I think that I saw Juno accepting it as a state visit, and that the two together, without using a word of spoken language, gave each other to understand that the recent deplorable circumstances were a closed incident. I think that his Aunt Josephine had desired young John to pay a visit likewise, and, to make sure of his speedy compliance, had brought him along with her—coerced him, as Juno would have said. He somewhat wore the look of having been "coerced," and he contributed remarkably few observations to the talk.

It was all harmonious, and decorous, and properly conducted, this state visit; yet even so, Juno and John exchanged at parting some verbal sweetmeats which rather stuck out from the smooth meringue of diplomacy.

She contemplated his bruise. "You are feeling stronger, I hope, than you have been lately? A bridegroom's health should be good."

He thanked her. "I am feeling better to-night than for many weeks."

The rascal had the thirty dollars visibly bulging that moment in his pocket. I doubt if he had acquainted his Aunt with this episode, but she was certain to hear it soon; and when she did hear it I rather fancy that she wished to smile—as I completely smiled alone in my bed that night.

But I did not go to sleep smiling; listening to the Ode for the Daughters of Dixie had been an ordeal too truly painful, because it disclosed live feelings which I had thought were dead, or rather, it disclosed that those feelings smoldered in the young as well as in the old. Doctor Beaugarçon didn't have them; he had fought them out, just as Mr. Braintree had fought them out; and Mrs. Braintree, like Juno, retained them, because she hadn't fought them out; and John Mayrant didn't have them, because he had been to other places; and I didn't have them—never had had them in my life, because I came into the world when it was all over. Why, then—— Stop, I told myself, growing very wakeful, and seeing in the darkness the light which had come to me; you have beheld the ashes, and even the sight has overwhelmed you; these others were born in the ashes, and have had ashes to sleep in and ashes to eat. This I said to myself; and I remembered that it *or* hadn't been all; that *Reconstruction* came in due season; and I thought of the "reconstructed" negro, as Daddy Ben had so ingeniously styled him. These white people, my race, had been set beneath the reconstructed negro. Still, still, this did not justify the whole of it to me; my perfectly innocent generation seemed to be included in the unforgiving, unforgetting Ode. "I must have it out with somebody," I said. And in time I fell asleep.

XIII—THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER

I WAS still thinking the Ode over as I dressed for breakfast, for which I was late, owing to my hair, which the changes in the weather had rendered somewhat recalcitrant. Yes; decidedly I must have it out with somebody. The weather was once more superb; and in the garden beneath my window men were already sweeping away the broken twigs and débris of the storm. I say "already," because it had not seemed to me to be the Kings Port custom to remove débris, or anything, with speed. I also had it in my mind to perform at lunch Aunt Carola's commission, and learn if the family of La Heu were indeed of Royal descent through the Bombos. I intended to find this out from the girl behind the counter, but the course which our conversation took led me to forget about it.

As soon as I entered the Exchange I planted myself in front of the counter, in spite of the discouragement which I too plainly perceived in her countenance; the unfavorable impression which I had made upon her at our last interview was still in force.

I plunged into it at once. "I have a confession to make."

"You do me surprising honor."

"Oh, now, don't begin like that! I suppose you never told a lie."

"I'm telling the truth now when I say that I do not see why an entire stranger should confess anything to me."

"Oh, my goodness! Well, I told you a lie, anyhow; a great, successful, deplorable lie."

She opened her mouth under the shock of it, and I recited to her unsparingly my deception; during this recital her mouth gradually closed.

"Well, I declare, declare, declare!" she slowly and deliciously breathed over the sum total; and she considered me at length, silently, before her words came again, like a soft soliloquy. "I could never have believed it in one who"—here gayety flashed in her eyes suddenly—"parts his back hair so rigidly. Oh, I beg your pardon for being personal!" And her gayety broke in ripples. Some habitual instinct moved me to turn to the looking-glass. "Useless!" she cried; "you can't see it in that. But it's perfectly splendid to-day."

Nature had been kind to me in many ways—nay, prodigal; it is not every man who can perceive the humor in a jest of which he is himself the subject. I laughed with her. "I trust that I am forgiven," I said.

"Oh, yes, you are forgiven! Come out, General, and give the gentleman your right paw, and tell him that he is forgiven—if only for the sake of Daddy Ben." With these latter words she gave me a gracious nod of understanding. They were all thanking me for the kettle-supporter! She probably knew also the tale of John Mayrant, the cards and the bedside.

The curly dog came out, and went through his part very graciously.

"I can guess his last name," I remarked.

"General's? How? Oh, you've heard it! I don't believe in you any more."

"That's not a bit handsome, after my confession. No, I'm getting to understand South Carolina a little. You come from the 'up-country,' you call your dog General; his name is General Hampton!"

Her laughter assented. "Tell me some more about South Carolina," she added with her caressing insinuation.

"Well, to begin with ——"

"Go sit down at your lunch-table first. Aunt Josephine would never tolerate my encouraging gentlemen to talk to me over the counter."

I obediently went back, and then resumed: "Well, what sort of people are those who own the handsome garden behind Mrs. Trevise's!"

"I don't know them."

"Thank you; that's all I wanted."

"What do you mean!"

"They're new people? I could tell it from the way you stuck your nose in the air."

"Sir!"

"Oh, if you talk about my hair I can talk about your nose, I think! I suspected that they were 'new people' because they cleaned up their garden immediately after the storm this morning. Now, I'll tell you something else: the whole South looks down on the whole North."

She made her voice kind. "Do you mind it *very* much?"

I joined in her mirth. "It makes life not worth living! But more than this, South Carolina looks down on the whole South."

"Not Virginia."

"Not? An 'entire stranger,' you know, sometimes notices things which escape the family eye—family likenesses in the children, for instance."

"Never Virginia," she persisted.

"Very well, very well! Somehow you've admitted the rest, however."

She began to smile.

"And next, Kings Port looks down on all the rest of South Carolina."

Wrapped in the Thoughts of Her Own Composition

She now laughed outright. "An up-country girl will not deny that, anyhow!"

"And finally, your aunts ——"

"My aunts *are* Kings Port."

"The whole of it?"

"If you mean the thirty thousand negroes ——"

"No, there are other white people here—there goes your nose again!"

"I will *not* have you so impudent, sir!" And suddenly upon this she became serious and gentle. "I thought that you understood them. Would you take them from their seclusion, too? It is all they have left—since you burned the rest in 1865."

I had made her say what I wanted!—that "you" was what I wanted. Now I should presently have it out with her. But, for the moment, I did not disclaim the "you." I said:

"The burning in 1865 was horrible, but it was war."

"It was outrage."

"Yes; the same kind as England's, who burned Washington in 1812, and whom you all so deeply admire."

She had no answer to this. But we trembled on the verge of a real quarrel. It was in her voice when she said:

"I think I interrupted you."

I pushed the risk one step nearer the verge, because of the words I wished finally to reach. "In 1812, when England burned our White House down, we did not sit in the ashes; we set about rebuilding."

And now she burst out. "That's not fair, that's perfectly inexcusable! Did England then set loose on us a pack of black savages and politicians to *help* us rebuild? Why, this very day I cannot walk on the other side of the river, I dare not venture off the New Bridge; and you who first beat us and then unleashed the blacks to riot in a new 'equality' that they were no more fit for than so many apes, you sat back at ease in your victory and your progress, having handed the vote to the negro as you might have handed a kerosene lamp to a child of three, and let us crushed, breathless people cope with the chaos and destruction that never came near you. Why, how can you dare——" Once again, admirably, she pulled herself up as she had done when she spoke of the President. "I mustn't!" she declared, half whispering, and then more clearly and calmly, "I mustn't." And she shook her head as if shaking something off. "Nor must you," she finished, charmingly and quietly, with a smile.

"I will not," I assured her. She was truly noble.

"But I did think that you understood us," she said pensively.

"Miss La Heu, when you talked to me about the President and the White House, I said that you were hard to answer. Do you remember?"

"Perfectly. I said I was glad you found me so."

"You helped me to understand you then, and now I want to be helped to further understanding. Last night I heard the Ode for the Daughters of Dixie. I had a bad time listening to that."

"Do you presume to criticise it? Do we criticise your Grand Army reunions, and your Marching Through Georgia, and your John Brown's Body, and your Arlington Museum? Can we not be allowed to celebrate our heroes and our glories and sing our songs?"

She had helped me already! Still, still, the something I was groping for, the something which had given me such pain during the Ode, remained undissolved, remained unanalyzed between us; I still had to have it out with her, and the point was that it had to be with her, and not simply with myself alone. We must thrash out *together* the way to an understanding; an agreement was not in the least necessary—we could agree to differ, for that matter, with perfect cordiality—but an understanding we must reach. And as I was thinking this my light increased, and I saw clearly the ultimate thing which lay at the bottom of my own feeling, and which had been strangely confusing me all along. This discovery was the key to the whole remainder of my talk; I never let go of it. The first thing it opened for me was that Eliza La Heu didn't understand *me*, which was quite natural, since I had only just this moment become clear to myself.

"Many of us," I began, "who have watched the soiling touch of politics make dirty one clean thing after another, would not be wholly desolated to learn that the Grand Army of the Republic had gone to another world to sing its songs and draw its pensions."

She looked astonished, and then she laughed. Down in the South here she was too far away to feel the vile uses to which present politics had turned past heroism.

"But," I continued, "we haven't any Daughters of the Union banded together and handing it down."

"It?" she echoed. "Well, if the deeds of your heroes are not a sacred trust to you, don't invite us, please, to resemble you."

I waited for more, and a little more came.

"We consider Northerners foreigners, you know."

Again I felt that hurt which hearing the Ode had given me, but I now knew how I was going to take it, and where we were presently coming out; and I knew she didn't mean quite all that—didn't mean it every day, at least—and that my speech had driven her to saying it.

"No, Miss La Heu; you don't consider Northerners who understand you to be foreigners."

"We have never met any of that sort."

("Yes," I thought, "but you really want to. Didn't you say you hoped I was one? Away down deep there's a cry of kinship in you; and that you don't hear it, and that we don't hear it, has been as much our fault as yours. I see that very well now, but I'm afraid to tell you so, yet.")

What I said was: "We're handing the 'sacred trust' down, I hope."

"I understood you to say you weren't."

"I said we were not handing '*it*' down."

I didn't wonder that irritation again molded her reply. "You must excuse a daughter of Dixie if she finds the words of a son of the Union beyond her. We haven't had so many advantages."

There she touched what I had thought over during my wakeful hours: the tale of the ashes, the desolate ashes!

(Continued on Page 27)

GOVERNOR BY DRAFT

A Twenty-four-Hour Cross Section of Practical Politics, as Sawed Out by Senator Llewellyn Stearns

PART TWO

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

Author of Squire Phin, etc.

WHEN I came down the sweep of the stairs into the rotunda, walking mostly on tiptoe, I couldn't help hearing someone in the adjutant-general's office blatting into a telephone like a merino ram, for the door was open and the office was at the foot of the stairs. About all he said was "Hello!" occasionally leaving off the final o. I stopped about four steps up the stairs and looked over the rail into the office. It would have been queer if I hadn't felt a little curiosity under the circumstances.

"What's the matter, Captain?" inquired the adjutant-general, coming out of his office.

"His Excellency, the commander-in-chief, just called me, but something about this 'phone seems to be out of fix."

He banged the receiver back upon the hook and hallooed for an orderly. As he shouted, he stepped to the door and saw me standing there on the stairs. He cuffed out a prompt salute and said:

"I have been trying to answer your Excellency, but the 'phone doesn't seem to work."

Then he came out two steps more and perceived that he had been saluting the Governor's plug hat and sealskin overcoat. He recognized them all right, but he didn't appear to know *me*. I guess he took me for a sneak thief by the way he glared

Well, as a matter of fact, it was a pretty angular position for a State Senator to be in—dodging away in the night wearing the Governor's clothes.

"Who are *you?*" he asked, almighty curt.

The adjutant-general came out into the rotunda and stared too.

"My name is Stearns," said I, meek and mild; "and I'm in the State Senate."

The officer looked me over sharply and then whirled around to the a.-g.

"The Governor ordered me to admit him, accompanied by a friend. But he's wearing off his Excellency's coat and hat." He tried to speak low, but I heard him.

The two of 'em looked at me a while, and then the a.-g. said:

"I suppose this is all right, Senator, but—well, under the circumstances—these being very peculiar times, you know, I'm going to ask you to be so kind as to step back to the Governor's room with Captain Blake."

"I'm going home," I said. But I didn't have my old grit with me. I was walking off with some one else's clothes, and I knew it, and they knew it, and it was no use—'twas the first time in my life I'd ever done a sneak thing, and my face went back on me.

"I'm not stealing these, as you seem to think I am," I blurted, shaking the plug hat at 'em with one hand and patting the coat with the other.

"Of course not," said the a.-g.; "that isn't the idea at all—but you'd better step back with Captain Blake and have everything straightened out."

Well, now, I couldn't be lugged back that fashion to face those three—you see that, don't you?

"I am a personal friend of Governor Southwick," I said, pretty desperately. "I'm here by his invitation, and if he has allowed me to use his clothes to go away in, that's our own affair. What you are insinuating by stopping me is an insult to an honest man who is minding his own business."

Now that adjutant-general was one of those "fussy," cocky, important, "hum-ah-hum!" old fellows. You've seen 'em! Having quite an eye for men and their minds myself, I saw that he was all the time swelling gradually with some sort of an inside prompting, like a hop-toad under a cabbage leaf. Thinks I, I'll get a vent into your vanity. There are others besides you!

"I went to school with Sterl Southwick," I blustered. "We're like brothers. This matter of these clothes is a personal matter entirely—it's between ourselves—and I'm going out of this State House with them—and I'm going *now!* He's the Governor of this State, and when he tells me ——"

But the swelling under the a.-g.'s string of war medals didn't go down. It increased. In another minute I had taken another degree in practical politics

"Excuse me, Senator! He *was* the Governor," said the a.-g., his white tufts of whisker sticking out further on his cheeks as he talked and swelled. "Will you kindly glance at the rotunda clock?"

"Don't You Ask Me That Question Again," He Barked

It marked eighteen minutes past midnight.

"You should understand that the term of Governor Southwick expired by constitutional limitation eighteen minutes ago. In view of the peculiar situation and the uncertainty regarding the prompt election of another Governor, his last official act ——"

Gracious, how those medals did lift then.

"—— was a writing authorizing me to guard State property and maintain order till his successor shall be chosen. If there is a Governor of the State *pro tem.* just now, then I am the man."

He threw out his last three inches of front and took an observation of me over his cheeks.

In about two minutes of quick thinking I had mentally built the ladder on which to climb up old Pomposity's front elevation.

"I want to see you privately, General," I said, "on a matter of State—you being the head of State affairs."

He marched into his inner office, as though to the tune of a fife-and-drum corps, and I trudged behind like a file-closer.

"Where the State and the people are concerned, General," I said, standing before him and talking like a Fourth-of-July orator, "it is not a question of personal friendship, kindly regard or party affiliation. Though our hearts bleed and our eyes stream we must look, above all else, straight toward duty and patriotism!"

He blinked at me hard, wondering, I suppose, if it were a con game or I was a lunatic.

"I am talking to a soldier, and a soldier understands."

The guff brought him up like a hitching-post facing a gale of wind.

"Listen!" I said, and I went on and told him how two men had been putting their heads together that evening to divide spoils. I told him also of the plot regarding my humble self.

"Now," said I, coming down the stretch fast on the wind-up, "if I am kidnaped it will be under your administration of State affairs. Sterl Southwick may tell you that I can be hushed. As well try to pinch up the line gale by putting a clothespin on the nose of the tempest! I'll shout the crime to the four corners of the world. I'll have my picture put into the newspapers. I'll pull down this temple of iniquity as Samson revenged himself on his persecutors, and your head, being the highest, will be hit the first and the hardest."

It was just the kind of windy buncombe that caught him.

I yanked off the sealskin overcoat, slammed it upon the floor, put the plug hat on it and said:

"Now I stand here as Llewellyn Stearns, honest citizen! Just that and no more. I won't even count in that I'm a State Senator. If you dispute my going you'll be shown up to the people of your State as something worse than a Siberian jailer. You'll be execrated."

"But I suppose you'll be rushing off hot foot to the newspapers as it is," he gurgled, mopping the sweat out of his eyes.

"Will I be one to drag this State publicly through the wallow?" I demanded, giving him some more of the same hot stuff. "No! It's what I am trying to prevent. I simply want to go home like an honest man, wash my hands of the filth of practical politics and go to bed. But if you don't let me go—then here's both hands full of mud, and sloash! here she goes!"

Honestly, he ducked when I made a motion at him.

"Take this cit's hat and coat of mine and go," he said. "I'll send yours to you to-morrow. It will save argument if you are gone when they are let out. It's a crisis I hadn't reckoned on. I just hope I'm doing right, that's all."

He was a prudent as well as a pompous man, that a.-g.

When I thankfully let myself into my humble lodgings—I was stopping in a family that used to live up our way, because I liked home comforts—it was considerably after midnight, but I found my room full of tobacco smoke and men. They were all State Senators. Two or three of them shook hands with me as though I'd been away a month. Another gave me a cigar, and still another dragged a match recklessly across his trousers—a bad way to use good cloth—and held a light. Then a man pushed at me the best chair in the room. But I went and stood against the wall. I kept my face to 'em. I can't help it—fear of too much politeness is constitutional with me. The only dog that ever bit me in my life was the one that was wagging his tail liveliest when he ran up.

"The—the conference!" stuttered one of them, hitching to the edge of his chair. "Are they going to back out?"

He Looked at Me as Though He was Convinced Now that I Had Gone Clean Crazy

"They will have to if they come out by the fire-escape," said I. I had been growing mad all the way down from the State House as I'd reflected on the particular dose of practical politics that had been stirred for me that night.

The bunch looked and blinked at me a moment and then they began to laugh.

"Good joke!" bawled one. "Good! Good!"

"Er—what did he say?" asked a deaf old man with a stuffy voice, his hand scooped at his ear.

"Said the Fusion crowd was backing down! Down the fire-escape—haw—haw! Good! Good! That joke will make the rounds. One of the brightest men in the State," he howled in the old chap's ear. "We didn't make any mistake, Senators," he added, looking around the circle of faces and nodding.

I was more suspicious than ever. They laughed too much for mere healthy appreciation of humor. That crowd cackled and clucked and slapped backs too long. And I was the last one there to see my own unconscious joke, and even then I couldn't find anything especially funny in it. I had started with a handicap. There hadn't been humor in what I had been through that evening.

"I knew well enough that Senator Bayne could do it," said a man from the row of 'em on the bed. "I've insisted right along it was wise politics for him to take Governor Southwick alone and give it to him—straight goods. Southwick's no fool."

"He can't afford to let party office-seekers use him simply for a club in the plum tree," observed another.

"Oh, it took Bayne to put the thing before him so that he could view it from the standpoint of prestige instead of party. Southwick isn't dead yet, and he has his living to make in his profession like some of the rest of us."

"What's the terms, Senator Stearns?" inquired the man on the edge of the chair, and they all hitched forward.

"Senator Bayne will have to do his own announcing," I said.

I swear, I didn't know what to say to 'em. I was growing uglier all the time as I pondered. But I didn't want to blow State politics sky-high until I'd given our crowd a chance to get under cover.

But they seemed to understand why I didn't talk, and nodded at each other as much as to say: "Well, here's the real goods when it comes to playing politics."

Then one of them got up and cleared his throat like tearing a yard of cloth and said:

"The real object of our presence here, waiting in your room, is not to pry into the plans of the managers before they are ripe, and we understand and approve your reticence. Our business is this: We're delegated to inform you that at the Republican caucus this evening you were unanimously nominated as the party candidate for President of the Senate."

Say, I'd forgotten my party caucus till then—I'd been too busy. I came away from the wall in a hurry.

"Nominated *me?*" I yapped. "What's the matter with Waterhouse? What kind of a practical joke is this, anyway?" Waterhouse had been slated from away back.

"We've had to break the party slate all 'round, Senator Stearns. It's a new deal—had to be done to handle the factions. The House did the same. It got where it was a case of new men and good men, or a split. You haven't any enemies, and you're on the inside. We're finding out about you. None of us realized what a manipulator you were. You have been too blamed modest, Stearns. Bayne wouldn't make a move to-night till he had you at his right hand—anybody could see that!"

Well, I did seem to be getting political reputation pretty fast, considering that I'd been used simply to bait a hook—but it isn't the first time such a thing has happened when a man holds hard and looks wise. But not for me!

"I don't want to be President of the Senate and, furthermore, I won't be," I said.

"But you've got to serve us," replied the spokesman, spanking his knee. "You're the logical choice, being Senator Bayne's right bower, as you are. Waterhouse couldn't bring our crowd together. There are whispers of a grab game, and it's got to be blocked. It means the salvation of the party. Chan Estes got more of the popular votes than any one, and, by the gods, he's going to be the next Governor of this State. And the Senate and House will be Republican when all the cards are played."

He looked pretty savage.

"Twenty-four hours will show some people a few things," growled a man on the bed.

"You simply can't refuse—that's all you can't," declared the spokesman.

They then got around me—I having incautiously stepped away from the wall. I couldn't break through 'em to get back. I'm used to the clatter of a loom-room, but that riot was too much for me. And my nerves were off a little, anyway.

"Wait a minute, for the love of Heaven," I entreated. "Give me till morning to think about it. Give me till morning! I've been through a whole lot to-night and I want time."

And after about five minutes of begging like a dog I got the last one out of the room.

I made my mistake in not packing my grip and getting out of town right then. I ought to have seen by that time that I wasn't a practical politician. But I was mighty sleepy and I supposed the rest were, and that, being naturally an early riser, I might be able to get up and away next morning. Yes, that's what I'd decided on—to cut and run. I didn't come to that Legislature to be used as a general bat-stick for both sides in that match game, and I felt I had the right to resent it.

I was just dropping off to sleep, after fanning what smoke I could out of my window with an old newspaper, when br-r-r! clang-clang! I heard the electric push-bell and the door gong-bell going at the same time.

Five minutes later Chet Benniman came into my room without knocking. The man of the house had shown him the way.

"That was a devil of a nice, gentlemanly sort of a trick you played, Stearns!" he began, his voice like a coffee-mill and his fist banging on the footboard of my bed. But I was just as ready mad as he.

"Only child's play beside the one you three merry little land-pirates tried to play on me," I replied.

He started in again with a fresh breath, but I up and passed the whole thing to him straight from the shoulder—telephone eavesdropping and all.

"And," said I at last, "you can have all the publicity you're looking for—if that's what you want. I've adopted your code: 'Politics before friendship.' I got that over the wire."

Benniman swore, not at me especially, but at everything in the abstract.

"Chet," I said, "a fellow up my way fell off a bridge one Sunday on his way to meeting and got drowned because he didn't holler for help for fear he'd be breaking the Sabbath. But he was no relative of mine."

"Well, you seem to be out of the brook now, Stearns. Are you going to keep on hollering?"

"Not unless you try to push me in again."

He turned on the electric light, after fumbling for it, growling all the time, and looked at me pretty hard and pretty long.

"Do you mean it?"

"I'm no hand to carry a grudge till it breaks my own back, Chet. At the start of this thing I didn't know what they were pushing me into. I was ashamed of myself when I found out the game. I am not ashamed now. It was dog trying to eat dog. Now if you are no longer hungry neither am I. But I'm sleepy. Get out. You know me! That's talk enough."

"It means we start ——"

"It means we all go back to the scratch and take the word once more. There was a foul somewhere—but I'm not going to advertise it."

I turned my back and pulled the sheet over my head, and after a little while he turned off the light and stumbled away on his fat legs. He *did* know me and my temperament pretty well.

I was just getting into that comfortable condition of slumber when your feet seem to leave earth and you begin to drift when—bump! I hit something and dropped back to the ground again. That infernal doorbell was ringing.

This time I heard the man of the house swearing to himself as he stubbed along the front hall, and I hopped out of bed and hissed down over the stair-rail:

"If it's any one to see me don't let 'em in."

The man of the house and I were pretty well acquainted.

"Why didn't you tell me you were old Emperor Polyponeezicks with the earth on your shoulders?" said he, pretty mad. "You don't belong in any man's private family, you don't."

The moment he opened the front door, huggling his bare feet together when the cold air struck 'em, in bumped a man yapping out:

"I'm here to see Senator Stearns."

Up the stairs he came before I could hustle back into bed.

"Get on your clothes, quick, Stearns," ordered he. "Senator Bayne has sent me for you."

It was Chairman Westcott.

"I want to know if he has!" said I, getting into bed and sitting up ugly and straight.

"Into your clothes, I say. He's waiting up for you at the hotel."

"There's a saying, Colonel Westcott, that patient waiters are no losers. But you go and tell Senator Bayne that if he waits for me he'll lose sleep and temper, both."

"You don't mean to tell me that you refuse to obey a party call in a party exigency——"

"I've heard of party exigencies before. I know what they are now. I don't care to find out about any more of 'em."

He was beginning to sputter and twitch at the bedclothes, but I up and turned on the light so that he could see my expression and take warning.

"Colonel Westcott," I said, "I don't know how much you personally know of the general political situation as it stands at this hour in the morning, nor how much you don't know. And you needn't tell me, for I don't want any more political secrets intrusted to me. I'm sitting on one now and the fuse is sputtering. You go and tell Senator Bayne for me that I'm here 'tending out on a political secret with a sputtering fuse. You tell him that I don't like explosions because they muss things up badly. If I'm left alone I'll calculate on putting out the fuse. If he distracts my attention any more, off she goes! You go and tell him that. He'll understand! As for me, I don't leave this room. Not a step. You tell Senator Bayne that I think he can take a hint."

"There isn't any rhyme nor reason to what you are saying, Stearns."

"I may be having a nightmare—perhaps I am. But you tell Senator Bayne all about that bomb and the sputtering fuse—don't forget the fuse—and if he hasn't got the key to it all, then advise him to hunt for the fire-escape. Tell him that, Westcott."

He looked at me as though he was convinced now that I had gone clean crazy, and when I shook my fist at him and told him to get out, he went right along. I'll bet he wouldn't have been a mite surprised if I had tried to climb the wall like a cat in a fit or had growled and run at him on all fours and tried to bite him.

That whole Republican Senate was back at me before sunup and routed me out. They seemed to rally around me as though I were colors and braced their courage.

I was too near beat out to argue any more. I decided I'd keep still and just stand up in the Senate chamber and tell 'em I wouldn't. I didn't see what they could do about it if I put it down flat and hard that I wouldn't!

Now this is a confession from the heart—I'd as soon have been nominated for the electric chair as President of that Senate. I was mad. I was scared. I'd been dragged into the middle of the ring and told to put up my hands—like a ten-year-old set to fight a bruiser. I had hoped in the morning that Senator Bayne would open his mouth or turn down his thumb or in some way inform the party that I wasn't the man they thought I was. But he didn't seem to be bossing just then. I wished then I hadn't scared him quite as much. I had it in my mind to hunt him up and trade with him, I having something to sell and my price being his promise to call the pack off me.

But the Senator was hidden somewhere—holding his breath probably, and wondering just what kind of a wild man of Borneo I would turn out to be. Well, there was certainly opportunity for some guesswork on his part.

Therefore, all there was to it that morning the thing got to revolving around me so fast that I didn't see any place to grab in and stop it.

First of all, I went along with the crowd to the State House, for such of us as had certificates of election were let in past the guards.

Both branches met—and then, bang!

The Republicans bolted by prearrangement, merely registering their protest at the Fusion organization. They yelled us out of hearing, Comanche fashion.

The Republican Senators met five minutes later in the State library room to which they had retreated and hustled business like blue blazes. First thing I knew I had sworn my oath as President of the Senate. Why wasn't I objecting?

Well, it wasn't as I had expected. There wasn't any law and order—there wasn't a calm Senate chamber to stand up in and be listened to in. That same gang was right around me. And it didn't seem like being a real president—and I was rapidly arriving at the conclusion that we were licked anyway, and so my election wouldn't count.

"I'm the Governor of this State Just Now"

Then from out an alcove of the library came stalking a tall man whose silk robe rustled against his legs. He was one of the justices of the Supreme Court.

"Senator Stearns," said he, and all my colleagues came grouping around us looking very solemn, "you are now the President of the true Senate, selected by your fellow-Senators who are present at this Legislature, backed by certificates of election that the Supreme Court of this State recognizes. The Supreme Court does not recognize as legal that band of defiers of law and order assembled above us in the Senate chamber. The Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in our State, and the people's bulwark in this reign of anarchy, needs an honest citizen to execute its behests. By the State Constitution the President of the Senate is required to exercise the office of Governor in any case of vacancy in that office. You, therefore, are called to serve until a successor to Governor Southwick shall have qualified."

Well, if that wasn't press-gang work, what do you call it?

"You will raise your right hand and take the oath of your high office."

It was pretty still there in that room for a few minutes. While I stood goggling at the judge we heard—woo-wow-woo-o-o-o!—men cheering away off somewhere.

"Bark, blast ye!" growled a Senator just behind me. "It'll be a ki-yi as soon as the door goes to on your tails."

"I believe there is some call for haste, Senator Stearns," said the judge. "Raise your hand, please!"

"Now just one minute," I said. My hair was bristling behind as it used to when a gang of boys went to picking on me at school. "I'm willing to be used for reasonable purposes, as the fork said to old Blodgett, 'but not to pick your teeth with nor pull out carpet tacks.'"

"God hates a quitter," put in a man as solemnly as though he were stating constitutional law.

"The State to-day expects every man to do his duty," croaked another old ass, with a streak of yellow down the middle of his white whiskers.

"You don't seem to be very grateful for the honor that is being done you, Senator," observed the man who had broken the news to me in my room the night before. "Your party loyalty——"

If I hadn't been sleepy and half-sick and wholly exasperated by the way in which I had been passed along and man-handled from first to last I probably wouldn't have ripped out as I did, for there are moments when a man wants to show a little dignity if he has any.

"Don't you question my party loyalty! But I'm no bull terrier to have my ears rubbed and ste'-boy-Jacked any longer. Since eight o'clock last night I've been——"

But I stopped right then and there. The whole panorama of the night slipped in front of me. And Sterl Southwick with his patronizing grin, and Senator Bayne, rolling up his lip at me with a growl, stood out mighty plain—the two of 'em. I've got a lot of human nature in me, and the most of it came on top right then. I put up my hand and set my teeth. The first dim outline of an idea had occurred to me.

"I'll take the oath," said I mighty short.

The cheering went on upstairs. It was pretty plain that the Fusion gang wasn't worrying much.

"Now, as I understand it," broke in a man the moment "so help me God" was out of my mouth, "we're ready for the real business. We've got a Governor *pro tem.*, the authority of the court and a crowd of hard hitters that will sweep this State House before one of these calf Guardsmen can get up courage to pop a cartridge. Governor Stearns, we look to you to give the word."

"Excuse the informal air this session has assumed, Governor," said another, "but the urgency of the situation seems to suggest that we become a committee. But, of course, the authority is all with you. The crowd is ready for your word."

I have never been able to talk with a fighting bulldog nor a game rooster to find out how they like to have their ears rubbed or their feathers scruffed, but I can imagine how it must seem to 'em.

The ringside crowd in my case was entirely prepared to let me do the barking, the clinching and the chewing with the certain prospect that I would be the one to get kicked clear across the State as the chief disturber when the law-and-order folks broke in. But when I changed my mind there so suddenly about becoming a Governor-while-you-wait it was because I wanted to be a Governor to suit myself. My dim idea was getting into better shape all the time.

Said I to the judge, "What power does the Supreme Court give me?"

"The complete power of the Executive, more than the ordinary in your case, for you have no council. The court has reviewed the entire election situation, declared as to the legality of the returns counted out, maintained that mere clerical errors due to the hustle and bustle of election day are not to defeat the plainly expressed will of the people; and here is a copy of our findings."

I put the paper in my pocket.

"Now, Stearns——" began a half a dozen Senators.

"Shut up!" I shouted. "I never asked nor desired to be made Governor, but now that I am on deck I'll steer the craft, by Judas."

"This isn't gentlemanly," said one.

"It isn't parliamentary," said another.

(Continued on Page 23)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Married in haste, repent in the suburbs.

¶ Art is long, but artists frequently are short.

¶ Home is where you wear your old coat and your old manners.

¶ Possession is nine points of the law; self-possession is the tenth.

¶ A husband is less likely to be neglected when he is suspected.

¶ Money makes the mare go and the auto makes the money go.

¶ Listening to scandal about people you never heard of is a waste of time.

¶ Confession is good for the soul; restitution is good for the policy-holders.

¶ The appropriate flowers to send divorced couples are mock-orange blossoms.

The Iron Law

THESE ever larger and ever more frequent strikes in the great concentrated industries in all parts of the world—strikes of labor against capital, strikes of capital against labor—are revealing to the most thoughtless how science, which has created concentration of industry, has compelled concentration of all the forces of society, has made the theoretical brotherhood of man—that is, the mutual interdependence of all men—a prosaic fact. We must have the railway, the telegraph, the newspaper and magazine, the electric light, the street car, the combinations for delivering all the necessities of civilized life to us; we are dependent upon them; we cannot, therefore, afford to disregard the rights of those who thus serve us. Each man is a cog in the great coördination of wheels, and no man may sniff at his brother man.

To-morrow science may release us by teaching us how each man may use the forces of Nature to supply himself—the wireless telegraph, the automobile, the portable electric light seem to be the first faint indications in that direction. But to-day, mutual dependence is the iron law. The wise society is the one that recognizes it and accepts it.

Some Business Genius

THE other day a dead man was elevated to the rank of Captain of Industry. Deceased was a resident of a thriving inland city. Outside of a handful of associates, he had been known for a generation (to those who knew him at all) merely as a hard-headed, moderately prosperous business man—one of the large squad of dimly-outlined "substantial men" whose names come in handy now and then to fill out a list of directors. But upon his death it was discovered that he left a fortune running into the millions—and, as a matter of course, he was promptly furnished with a post-mortem reputation to fit the fortune. Two leading newspapers published the personal anecdotes by fellow-millionaires which are everywhere recognized as the proper funereal honors of a departed Captain, and it was discovered that he had been a man of wonderful sagacity, combining infallible judgment of the present and clairvoyant knowledge of the future with impregnable courage and the soundest conservatism. Two men recalled that he had predicted the panic of '93.

As a matter of fact, the deceased had, some forty years ago—and with the most poignant reluctance—accepted a string of vacant lots in settlement of a claim against an insolvent debtor. The lots were in the line of the city's development. Three-quarters of a million people moved to town. Their presence, their activities and necessities, made the lot-owner a millionaire. A vast deal of business genius is of this same order.

Frenzied Reform

AN EMINENT judge has deemed it expedient to make a careful public explanation of the circumstances under which his mother-in-law accepted a pass from a railroad company. The world was asked to pause recently until it should be ascertained whether a high public official had accepted a present consisting of sundry packages of a malt beverage. It is not exactly clear whether it was the jurist or the railroad or the aged gentlewoman in the first case who was suspected of an error in judgment, or what would have happened to the official in the second case if he had been proven guilty; but the two instances, picked fairly at haphazard from the daily grist of news, suggest that one of the perplexities of the situation arises from the difficulty of agreeing upon what ought to be reformed. Nearly everybody favors reform—in some direction or other. There is certainly enough reformatory energy abroad to produce a perfect condition, if it could only get itself properly organized and proceed systematically. The wicked are really in a very small minority, and they would stand no chance whatever if it were not that the good shoot in so many different directions that the sinful too often are able to bag the game.

Keep Young

THIS rapid lowering of the death-rate everywhere means an enormous change in mankind in the near future. A few centuries ago a man's useful years were in the average not more than fifteen. As each generation has to be taught everything over again, is it not astonishing that an average of only fifteen years of real capacity—from twenty-five to forty—should have been able to lift us from savagery? Now the average, at least among the most competent classes, is upward of twenty-five years—for the death-rate is heaviest among the ignorant and incompetent. In fact, taking superior education into account, we have to-day a race that has recently *doubled* its period for assimilating and applying knowledge and wisdom. Think what an effect will be produced when the average man lives in the prime of his powers half a century, or sixty, or seventy years!

Teach the science of health! Encourage the youth to leave off folly for manhood earlier! Encourage the old to avoid stiffness and sadness and regretful reminiscence, and to keep the head and the heart of intelligent, vigorous youth!

The Honored Leading Citizen

A LEADING citizen of Peoria, Illinois, was indicted a while back on one hundred and forty counts for wholesale embezzlements extending over many years, and the famous distillery town was shaken to its financial, educational, social, and moral foundations. The story is that for a decade this leading citizen stuffed the school pay-rolls, forged warrants, falsified accounts in a maze of peculation so gross that an hour's genuine auditing of his accounts at any time would inevitably have disclosed it.

This is not Wall Street understand; the men involved, besides the leading citizen above mentioned, are not frenzied financiers, but good plain, well-meaning country-town characters. Yet here we have the dummy director in his perfect flower, except that instead of a half-dozen dummy directors this case discloses a whole dummy colony. Everybody trusted and honored that leading citizen. When his cash-book was audited he did the auditing and the committees blandly voted aye. Why toilsomely check over a lot of figures when the good gentleman would do it for you? Why should the treasurer, auditor, finance committee, board of education and so on squander their valuable time looking into the accounts when the eminent educator and financier stood ready to relieve them of all trouble, and assured them everything was right? Who could think of taking any step which might seem to reflect a little upon the integrity of so distinguished a man? They had the honor; the leading citizen did the work—an arrangement highly agreeable to both sides.

The dummy director is not at all a product peculiar to high finance. He is omnipresent and indestructible. Positions of honor are pleasing, to be sure. But we Americans like to "run our own business." It is a bit difficult for us to discover an inclination to give time to other affairs. Even when a man has usurped a business—as this educator is said to have usurped control of school-moneys—we look upon it as his business and forbear to trespass. The dummy director will decline only as selfishness declines.

A Bad Time to Laugh

ROUND the world is going a hearty laugh at our Filipinos—Tanguianes, Bilans, Ibilaos, Ilongotes, Remontados, Tagbuanas, Orang-Islams and Igarrotes because they were astounded and depressed by the failure of the President's daughter to appear clad in appropriate splendor. "That must be a poor country," said they, "whose chief cannot afford to outfit his daughter in the robe of rank."

But is the joke altogether on the Tagbuanas, Orang-Outangs—beg pardon, Orang-Islams—and the rest? In fact, is there any joke at all, except there be one on the whole pomp-loving, deceived-by-appearances human race? Throughout civilization, don't we—especially our women—spend a good part of every precious day of our wink-like lives in the tricking and togging ourselves out to "make a front," to impress our fellow-men with our importance as betrayed in our dress?

The Filipinos have somewhat different ideas from ours of what constitutes fitting dress. But our tailors and dressmakers, with the new season, will make our ideas of "good form" in dress quite different to-morrow from what they are to-day. We laughed too soon. We ought either to have laughed at ourselves or not at all.

A Race of "Stand-Patters"

THAT distinguished Japanese man of public affairs, the Baron Kantaro Kaneko, giving his views on matters American and Japanese, adventured into prophecy—which, as George Eliot so sagely observed, is the most gratuitous of all the forms of errors. "The United States," said he, "will always be a democratic republic; the only possible alternative is an oligarchy. Japan will never be a republic."

Never, some one has said, is a long time. No longer, however, than always. Alas, if there are any two matters about which it is neither worth while nor wise for a short-lived mortal to concern himself, they are what is going to happen in the never and what is going to happen in the always!

Of one thing we may be certain—that the state of affairs which is will not be the state of affairs even so short a distance away as to-morrow. We are a race of "stand-patters." Experience seems unable to cure us of the habit of thinking that what is will continue to be. The sensible man is he who has no theories, no especial concern even, as to the future, but concentrates himself upon doing his level best with the present moment which will be gone forever, and forever lost, unless it is instantly attended to.

Keep on Living

MR. CHOATE, returned from a long sojourn in England, is preaching to us the gospel of repose, is urging us not to hurry, not to be so feverish, but to move tranquilly through life, like the British, especially like the British aristocracy.

Doubtless all the very shrewd fellows among our citizenship will wish Mr. Choate success in propagating this gospel of lounge and loiter. If they could induce everybody, except themselves, to adopt it, they would be able to gather in much more than they now do—for they will never loaf along. There are other reasons against the Choate importation. The Britishers, in their miserable, muggy climate, droning and doping along, do not really live. Life in its fullness is for the wide-awake, the intense, those who use body and mind constantly and vigorously. And, as the scientists show us, to the intensely alive are given long life, and health also. They not only live, they live longer.

Not for us the comatose condition. We purpose to keep on living.

The Russian Sunrise

LET no one be discouraged by the fact that the "douma" which the Czar "deigned" to grant to the Russian people was based upon an electorate of only 48,000 out of nearly 150,000,000 people. Nor is it discouraging that the Romanoff ring was so alarmed by the admitting of even this carefully selected and wholly unrepresentative few into a shadowy share in the government that it set on Cossacks to terrorize the new electorate.

"Democracy," said De Tocqueville, "is like the grave; it takes all and gives nothing." The Romanoff ring succeeded for the moment in preventing the camel from getting any more than the tip of his nose into the tent. Quite enough! In the end the tent will be so full of camel that there will be no room for Romanoff, unless Romanoff squeezes himself very small and keeps himself mighty quiet.

The Correspondence of a Diplomat

Being the Hitherto Unpublished Letters of Thomas Smalboy, Esq., Late of Appletown

BY J. W. FOLEY

A Very Happy Summer Except for Burning Down Uncle George's Cowstable

APPLETOWN, May 15.

Dear Aunty: I was thinking the other day that I ought to write and see how you were all doing since last summer when you sent me the invitation to come down and spend part of my vacation on the farm. It was a very happy summer for me except for burning down Uncle George's cowstable and destroying the cow which was the best one you had and caused me to regret it very much. I think such a lesson as that is good for us although we do not see the benefit of it at first but it leads you never to do it again which is the main thing in life. I was awful sorry for the cow because she had never done anything to deserve such a terrible fate but that is frequently the case. It was a good thing for me because hereafter if I should ever be invited to such a pleasant place to spend a week or two I would not think of lighting matches in the cowstable to look for eggs. It is awful strange how a hen will go off and lay in a manger when she has plenty of nice clean nests in easy reach of her, isn't it? We learn so many new things on a farm which we never learn in a little town like this and which may be of much value to us in later years. We cannot get too much knowledge.

I think if you were to see me this summer you would find me greatly changed from what I was a year ago. I have grown larger and take more interest in useful things and I do not slight the chores like I used to do. I can do many things to help around the house such as I could not do when I was on my visit before. It did me lots of good to watch how your hired man did things such as wiping the mud off of his feet before he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood and carrying in a pail of water without slopping it on your clean floor. Such things must make life very pleasant for a person who is as neat and particular as you are about the house. When I came home I told Mamma about how neat you were and she said you had the reputation of being the neatest and prettiest girl in the neighborhood where you were before you were married and that you have made Uncle George what he is which I can well believe, all of it, but I would not show this part of it to him because men are apt to be sensitive and think they do it all themselves.

I do not know what I am going to do for this coming vacation. Henry Gregg's uncle has invited him to come down there and stay as long as his folks will let him and I will be terrible lonesome when he goes but probably I will be able to stand it. I don't think it is a very good idea for a boy to stay in town all summer, though. You see, when school is out he is all tired out from his studies and if he gets country air and different kinds of things to eat it makes him strong and able to begin school again with a light heart and he is determined to be the head of his class. But boys who stay in town are apt to get typhoid fever and diseases which are often very fatal.

Do you suppose there is anybody down in the neighborhood where you are who would want to get a good, strong, healthy, willing boy to do chores for his board? If there is, would you mind sending me the name? I would ask for the place and I could give you as a reference although you will do me a favor if you do not mention about the cow as it might give them a wrong idea of me. If I could get the place it might be the means of saving me a long spell of sickness as it is not very healthy here in the summertime. It would be a terrible blow to the folks if anything was to happen to me now just as they have got me partly brought up. It would be mostly for Mamma's sake that I would go down and do chores for some reliable family in order to keep in good health and be able to provide for her when she is old and feeble.

Mamma said that after I burned up the cow it was doubtful if I ever got another invitation to visit you. We do not appreciate things until it is too late which is what makes me think of the splendid times I had before she was burned up. I do not think I will ever forget your splendid cooking which is lost to me forever now

In a few years I will be out of school and at work so that I will not have so much time to go visiting and it would be too late for me even if Uncle George should invite me again. But I always want you to remember me as a boy who was real good at heart even if I made some bad mistakes. May be if I should get rich or famous you would be glad to say I was a nephew of yours and tell your friends with much pleasure how I burned up a cow for you once which is of course a more serious matter now when it is fresher.

Please don't forget about the place to do chores for me. May be Uncle George would know of such a place being well acquainted in the neighborhood.

Do you remember the big apple tree in the front yard? I do not suppose I will ever see it again.

Your affectionate nephew TOMMY.

APPLETOWN, May 25.

Dear Aunty: Mamma just received your kind letter telling her to get me ready to go down and visit you for a couple of weeks which is very kind of you and comes as a great surprise. How kind you and Uncle George are and what a fine thing it is to have a forgiving disposition that overlooks a boy's mistakes and gives him another chance. I am sure I will never make any more serious mistakes and you can look for me just as soon as school is out and I get my clothes all mended up which Mamma will do so I can present a good appearance and be a credit to you. Such nice people as you and Uncle George would make any boy keep clean and be respectable for your sake.

I was very much surprised when Mamma got your letter and she said she could not understand whatever made you invite me again after what I did last year about the cow which I hope is dead and buried now. I did not tell her how I had apologized to you for it just recently as I was too busy getting ready for examination and it slipped my mind until she got the letter from you. For Mamma's sake I hope you will not think it necessary to tell her about my apology as she worries very much over the least things and it might spoil the pleasure it gives her to know that you have forgiven me of your own accord.

When I think of what a good time I am going to have it makes me awful sorry for poor little Henry Gregg. He was invited to go down to his uncle's to stay as long as he wanted to but they have got a number of boys' diseases down there which makes it impossible for Henry to go unless he should get them. Henry and me are chums and when we are separated from each other neither one of us enjoys himself as much as when we are together. I wish you could see Henry sometime so he could get an idea of what splendid relations I have got. I have tried to tell him but I am not able to do it justice. I do not suppose he will ever get a chance to see you unless he should come down there sometime which is extremely improbable to happen. Henry does not know where he will go this summer and all his time is open and it will be awful sad for me to tell him I am going down to stay with you for a while. He is such a nice boy and no trouble and we sleep together often and do not eat much more than one of us alone. We always help each other do our chores and get much more done quicker than when we work by ourselves. I do not think I would ever have burned the cowstable down if Henry had been along. He has a fine influence over me because he is very careful and thinks what is liable to happen afterward.

Henry saw Uncle George's photograph in our house a long time ago and said he is much better looking than his uncle which is quite a good deal for a boy to say. But he is very truthful in all his dealings and you can lend him marbles when he is out and be sure he will pay you back every one you lent. He is awful neat about the house, always hanging his coat up and being able to find his hat which is quite rare for a boy. Mamma loves to have him come and visit at our house and says he seems almost like her own boy only he is so neat and tidy he seems more like her nephew ought to be if you had any boys. Henry's mother is dead and his stepmother is not always the most kind to him. If he was in some kind family if only for a little while it would do him lots of good.

I have said a good deal about Henry which is not very interesting to you of course. But when you have a chum like he is you are always apt to tell about him even when the person you are telling it to don't know him at all. Henry is a very good dishwiper seldom dropping any and his glasses he wipes are never streaked. He would be fine help around some nice place in the country but of course nobody is liable to invite him anywhere which means a dull vacation for him.

I think I will be down in about two weeks which will be as soon as my clothes can be got ready.

Your affectionate nephew TOMMY.

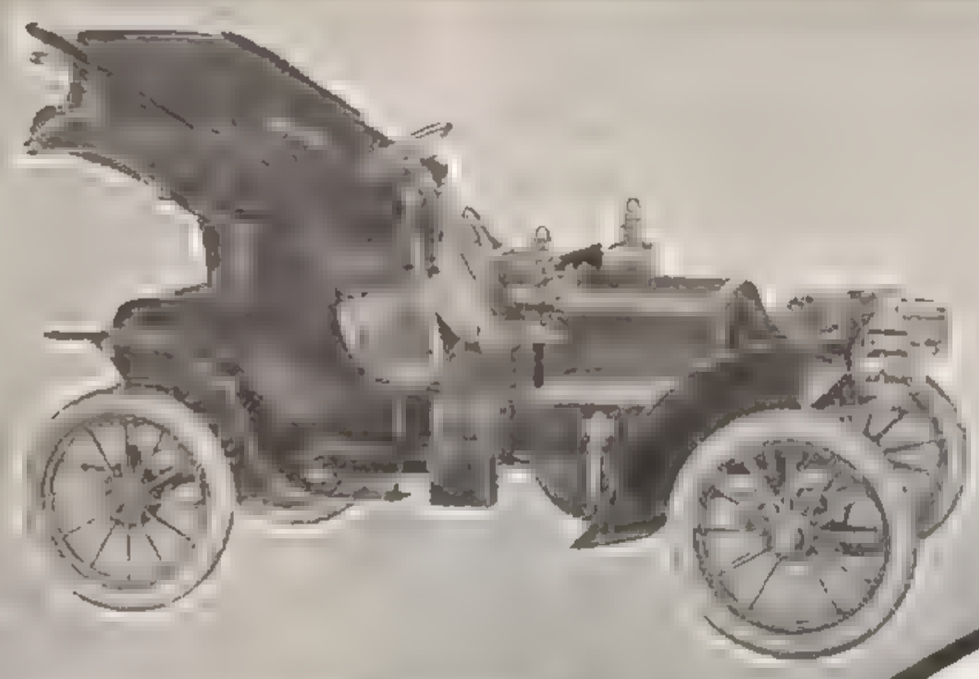
P. S.—You can tell Uncle George about Henry if you want to as I know he is always interested in boys and would no doubt enjoy hearing it. TOMMY.

APPLETOWN, June 1.

Dear Aunty: You do not know how I was surprised to get your letter telling me to bring Henry Gregg down with

Concluded on Page 20

FRAN



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In the Long Island Club's 2-day Economy Tour, June 1905, among fifteen cars—many of them having twice and three times its powe[illegible]ng—a Franklin light tonneau car of 10 "Franklin horse-power" won the trophy by carrying 4 passengers 190 miles, at a total operating cost of $3.22—less than 81 cents per passenger.

Type E, 1906. 4-Cylinder Runabout or Gentleman's Roadster.

[illegible] forward. Specially [illegible] driver to get in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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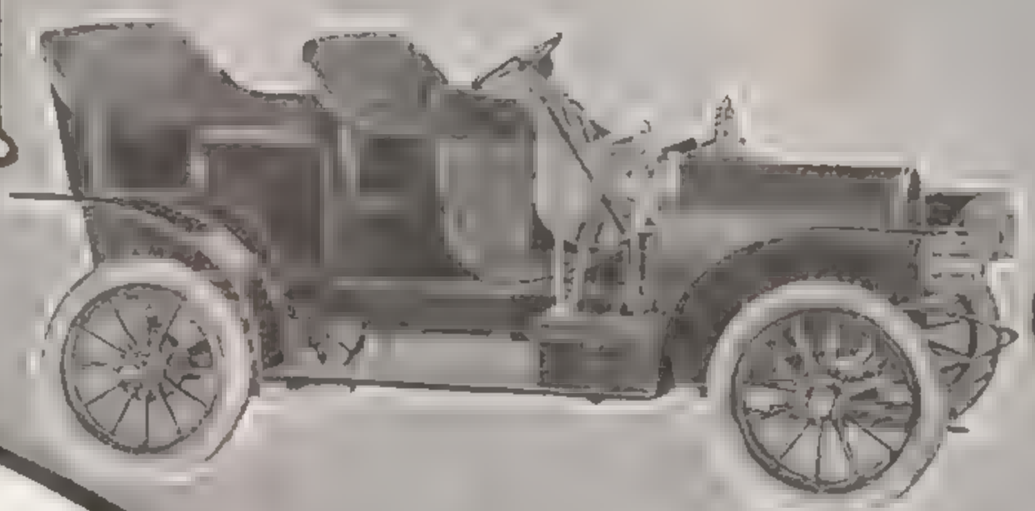

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A RACING TEST

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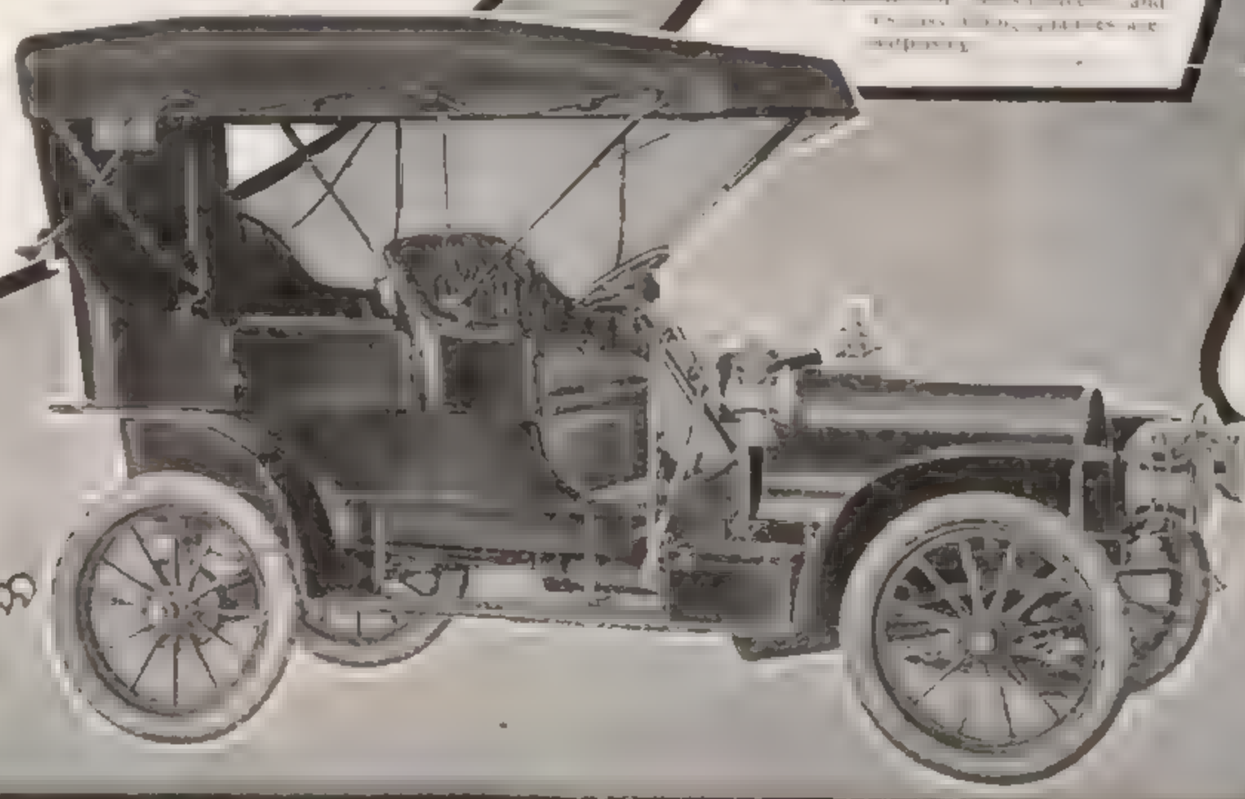
Type G, 1906 4 Cylinder Light Touring Car.

Shaft-drive. Sliding gear transmission. Three speeds and reverse. Ness and [illegible] bore 5, Stroke [illegible] Cooling and [illegible] system. [illegible] Ignition. [illegible] Wheel base [illegible] Tires [illegible] Color [illegible] Price [illegible] You cannot buy another car that will [illegible] Dashboard for anywhere near [illegible]

Type D, 1906. 4-Cylinder Touring Car.

[illegible] Three speeds and reverse. New [illegible] Four cylinders [illegible] Bore [illegible] Stroke [illegible] Cooling [illegible] Ignition [illegible] Wheel base [illegible] Tires [illegible] Color [illegible] Price $2,300 [illegible] Dashboard [illegible] Miles will not buy more luxury and [illegible] 40 horse power car [illegible] under full load [illegible] and [illegible] capacity.



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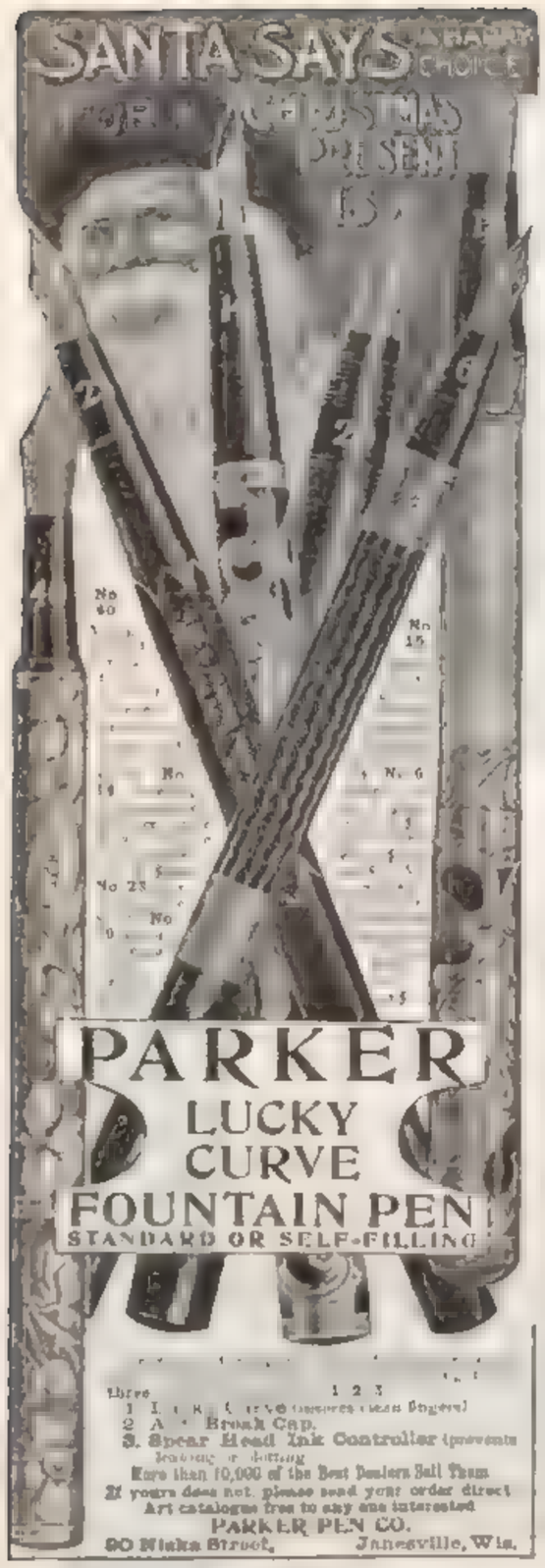
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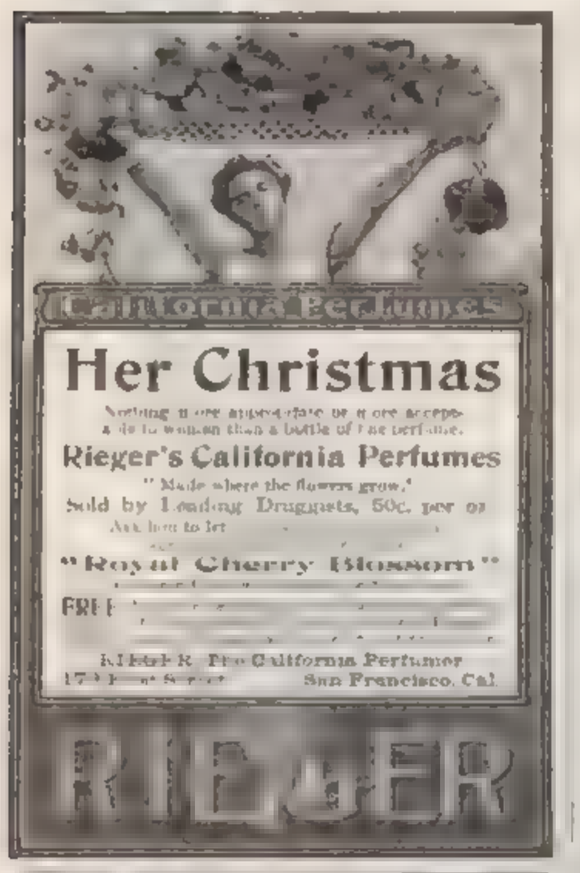
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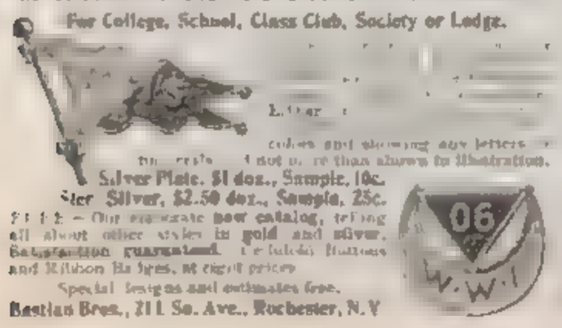
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PLAYER FOLK

Henry E. Dixey
In The Man on the Box

Dixey on the Box

THE ups and downs of theatrical life make the personal relationships of actors toward one another very difficult, and the peculiarities of the histrionic temperament do not lessen the difficulty. An actor who is basking in the sun of success is apt to forget that he ever felt the chill wind of adversity, or that his comrades who for the moment are down have any past or any future.

Some months ago Mr. Arnold Daly, then on the top wave of the Shaw boom, was engaged to stage and rehearse a play in which Henry E. Dixey had a small part. In one scene the elder actor had to stand aside up stage while the principals of the cast carried on the dialogue in the centre. An artist of his experience and technical mastery is very well able to take care of himself under such circumstances, and he had invented a few quiet little bits of "business" calculated to keep him in the picture, as the phrase is, without at all interfering with the effect of the scene. Mr. Daly, however, felt it incumbent upon himself to give him something to do, and detailed a female super to engage him in one of those pantomime conversations, the effect of which, instead of adding to the lifelikeness of the scene, is usually forced and artificial.

Mr. Dixey swallowed his wrath; but when his dumb interlocutor came up to him and began to mug at him, his patience gave way. In answer to her distressful grimaces he exclaimed with his familiar touch of burlesque, "Alas! And what became of the child?" The whole company burst out into an involuntary roar. Mr. Daly saw his mistake, and left Mr. Dixey to his own ample resources.

To-day another turn of the wheel of fate has tumbled Mr. Daly beneath the failure of John Bull's Other Island and Mrs. Warren's Profession, and has brought Mr. Dixey to the top with the success of The Man on the Box.

A Theatrical Plunge

IN HIS production of Shaw's Man and Superman Mr. Robert Loraine staked his last dollar—the last dollar of a young actor who had hitherto been only very moderately successful. If the play had failed it would have been his funeral—but not a funeral with no flowers. The last act takes place in the garden of a Spanish villa, and the bill of the artificial florist was seventeen hundred dollars—a very tidy sum, in view of the fact that the ordinary production costs only about five thousand dollars. And the expense for flowers was only an item, and not the largest one, in the general account. The second act centres about an automobile, in which hero and heroine dash off the stage at the curtain. The text requires that it shall be a gasoline car. Under ordinary circumstances a car might have been loaned in exchange for advertising on the program; but the new theatre laws which resulted from the Iroquois disaster forbid the use of gasoline. Mr. Loraine was obliged to buy a gasoline car, take out the motor and replace it with an electric outfit. The cost of this was seven thousand dollars, and if the play had failed the machine would have been worth little more than so much scrap iron. As it happened, the play is perhaps the biggest success of the season; but it must give Mr. Loraine little shivers when he reflects that two of the three Shaw productions this fall have been flat failures.

E. J. Morgan's Start

E. J. MORGAN started in life as a ranchman, and having sold out in the West, was on his way with his partners to South America. While waiting in New York for the steamer, he went to the theatre for the first time in his life, and became stage-struck. Taking his share of the common capital—all he had—he bade good-by to his comrades and stayed behind to go on the stage.

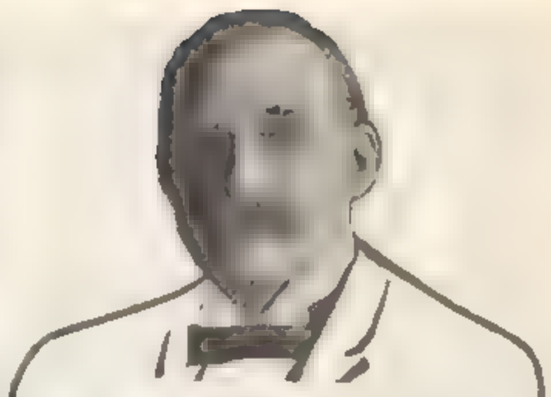
Not having any experience in acting he found no opening. From a hall bedroom in a boarding-house he graduated to the open air of docks and lumber yards, still haunting the anterooms of the managers. By this time his natural expression of wistful melancholy must have been considerably intensified. Finally he received the glad news that if he would come round next day he might have a thinking part. He woke up beneath the sky with just fifteen cents in his pocket and a very soiled collar on his neck. It was a question between breakfast and a clean collar, and after weeks of hunger and exposure that question was not easy. He decided, however, to win or lose it all. He appeared to claim his engagement pale, hungry and very much bedraggled in his general attire, but immaculate beneath his chin. The manager had been suddenly called away for two weeks, and had left no message.

Mechanically following an ancient habit, Mr. Morgan wandered to the office of a theatrical employment agency. He hadn't the courage, however, to ask the familiar question and, despairing of his ambition for the first time, he turned back to the door. The agent called out to him to wait a moment, and gave him an engagement in Shenandoah.

How Managers Judge Plays

PERHAPS the greatest foible of the theatrical manager is his tendency to judge of plays by their most superficial aspects. When David Belasco produced The Darling of the Gods his enemies of the theatrical trust attempted to kill it by producing A Japanese Nightingale—a very bad play which itself fell cold and flat. This season it transpired that two plays already in rehearsal treated life in the West—Milton Royle's Squaw Man and Belasco's Girl of the Golden West. Each company, bent on injuring the other, rushed to New York to get the first whack at the public. Both are good plays of their kind, and both are triumphant. In fact, discussion of their relative merits is likely to prove, if anything, a common advantage.

This rule-of-thumb method of judgment is a sore trial to the artistic playwright. William Archer tells of a London manager who refused a very promising play because it took place in the time of the Restoration. He had just had a very bad play, of the same period, fail, and attributed the failure to the fact that the public did not care for Restoration costume. Edith Wharton, who has a very positive talent for the drama, gave up playwriting in consequence of a similar incident. She had written a play about Manon Lescaut for Miss Julia Marlowe. Miss Marlowe objected to the heroine's morals, and wanted them rectified. Mrs. Wharton was considering this new problem when the manager stipulated that a new act should be written in with a big theatric sensation—a horse race, or a tank scene, perhaps. Mrs. Wharton put her manuscript under her arm and departed. In revenge the manager had a hack playwright turn out a piece on the same subject. It ran one week in St. Louis. But such are the standards of the manager that the market for Mrs. Wharton's play was ruined. Since then she has confined herself to stories and novels.



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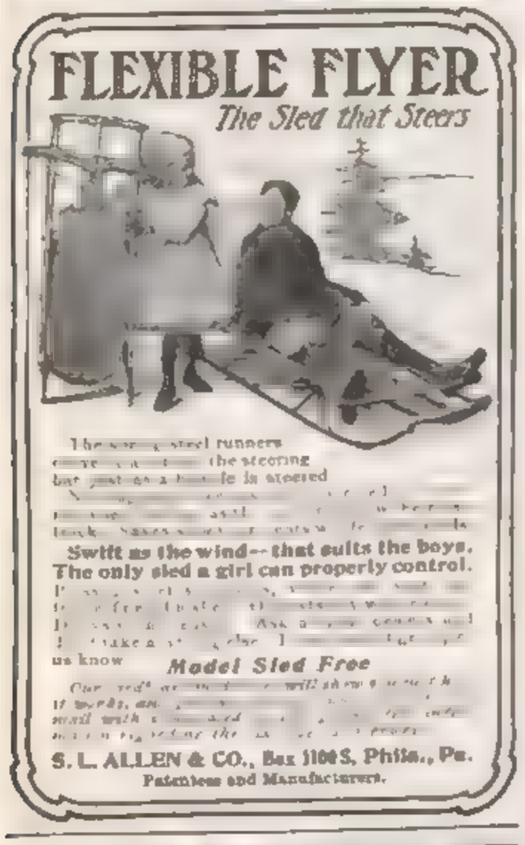
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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

Arthur Train, a Writer Who Has Won Success in Both Law and Literature

Lawyer and Author, Too

SOME men are born writers, some achieve writing—and some just happen. Arthur Train belongs to the last-named sort and is one of the best of it. The law was always his aim; it has become one of his accomplishments. Not long after he graduated from the Harvard Law School he was one of those young men, chosen for ability and without regard for political "pull," whom William Travers Jerome appointed as his assistants in the office of the District Attorney of New York. There Mr. Train was eminently successful, and there, too, he began to observe the literary side of his profession. One picturesque crook whom he prosecuted suggested the amusing series of stories now published in book form as McAllister and His Double. Then the young lawyer began that series of popular articles upon the tricks of the law now appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. As, finally, Mr. Train was an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Jerome in the latter's recent and remarkable fight to succeed himself in office, it seems not unlikely that his next literary venture will have a political setting.

Stephen Crane's Rebuke

NEW Stephen Crane stories bob up whenever two or three of Crane's friends chance to gather together—and that is frequently, since Crane's acquaintance was nothing if not catholic, and since all who knew him soon came to hold him in warm esteem. The other day one of these friends was talking of a long visit that he paid to the English house which was for some time occupied by the author of the Red Badge of Courage, and which, because it was very old and more than very damp, is generally supposed to have killed the American.

"Crane always had a lot of guests down there for the week-end," said the narrator. "He was rather a silent man himself, but he loved to have bright people about him and he was the best of listeners. He was an excellent host, too, and only once did I know him sharply to turn upon the critical opinions expressed by his guests.

"That was one blustery night when several of us men were gathered about a big wood fire on one of the tremendous hearths with one of which about every room in Crane's house rejoiced. Most of the guests were English literary men. A. E. W. Mason was there, I remember, and Robert Barr and a lot more. We all talked and talked and talked about the making of novels, and the burden of it all was the one word 'Plot.' Action, intricate action, was what we all demanded.

"Crane lolled back in his chair, silent as usual, his hands clasped behind his head, his legs stretched out to the fire. In fact, he never opened his lips until somebody—a Londoner who has made a small fortune from his adventurous pen—blurted out:

"'That is the trouble with the American novelists, the reason they never really succeed. They are too contemplative. Without plot, nothing.'

"It was, in the circumstances, a boorish remark, and Crane, whose national pride was ever tender, flared up at once.

"'Oh,' he drawled, 'you fellows make me tired. You chatter a lot and occasionally write a book that is forgotten to-morrow. But over in little New York there sits the man with the gray bangs who can let you have a plot handicap half-way round the track and will then trot past the judges an easy quarter-mile ahead of you.'

"'"The man with the gray bangs"?' stammered the rebuked Londoner.

"'Yes,' said Crane. 'You may have heard of him: his name's William Dean Howells.'"

Those "Windows Full of It"

THERE are, says the proverb, tricks in all trades—and there are just as many of them in the book-trade as elsewhere. One of the hardest-worked of these is known as the "window display." You have often seen, of course, large shop-windows filled entirely with stacks of copies of one lonely novel. If you thought that every one of those copies belonged to the owner of that shop; if you fondly believed that the wise retailer had ordered all those copies because he had faith in the coming popularity of the novel in question, and if you, therefore, went in and bought the book because you wanted to be familiar with the latest "big seller"—why, then you merely thought and believed and bought as the combination of publisher and bookseller wanted you to do. It is a fact that most "window displays" are advanced free of charge to the retailer and are returned at the end of a specified period—to be passed on to another retailer in another town. The theory is that the average novel-reader will buy whatever story he thinks the other novel-readers are buying—and a pretty sound theory it is.

His Steadfast Opposition

IN A RECENT letter to a Philadelphia acquaintance, Paul Laurence Dunbar says:

"I am still something of an invalid and, lately, have had to have an attendant. For this position we were induced to engage the service of an old colored preacher, who was supposed to have rather a wide knowledge. During the first night of his work, in the arduous hours of "sitting up," he looked over my books, and finally, turning to my mother with a very solemn air, demanded:

"'Madam, what does your son oppose to make of himself?'

"I am still wondering."

In the Bookshop

¶ ROY ROLFE GILSON, who began the vogue for children's stories in the second person, is in Venice for the winter at work upon a new novel.

¶ SINCE, LAST SPRING, Dr. Henry C. Rowland, author of To Windward, sailed away aboard the Endymion in the race for the Kaiser's Cup, he has had further use for his expert seamanship, first in the Dover-Helgoland race and later in a protracted cruise about the Baltic. Just now he has paused, for a while, in Brittany.

¶ BLISS CARMAN spent last summer in Southern California and a rumor went forth that the poet's health has given way, but this report is strenuously denied by all his friends, who say that Carman is in quite his usual physical trim. Elliott Flower is another literary man who has been passing several months on the Pacific Coast, but he has now returned to Chicago, and Robert Herrick, another Chicagoan, is expected to get back from Europe before January.

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Mouth-Bath

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In concentrated *liquid* form, it accomplishes what no mere powder, paste or soapy dentifrice can ever accomplish—perfect antiseptic cleanliness of the entire mouth. Powders and pastes are at best mere *surface polishers*—the soapy dentifrice can only *scrub* and *perfume*.

Thy-ca-lol prevents decay and discoloration of the teeth and purifies the breath, not by polishing and perfuming, but by penetrating every crack and crevice of the teeth, every recess of the mouth, destroying the germs of decay and deodorizing the *cause* of any unpleasant taste of breath.

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Oddities and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

MACHINERY FOR THE FARMER—HE PAYS A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR FOR IT.

FARMERS in this country are advancing steadily in the utilization of machinery. They are employing power for agricultural purposes to an increasing extent, and, as a fuel for such use, alcohol is beginning to command much attention. Its convenience, safety and cleanliness commend it, and it has the further and very important advantage of cheapness. In Germany raw alcohol is produced from potatoes by processes so simple as to be easily performed by the farmer and at a cost of only thirteen cents a gallon.

In the United States there is a huge tax on alcohol, amounting to nearly fourteen times the cost of its manufacture, but it would unquestionably be removed by Congress, so far as spirits used for fuel is concerned, in response to a general popular demand. This has already been done by the German Government, and in that country alcohol motors of remarkable efficiency have been constructed. By lessening the requirement of hand labor and doing away with drudgery, such machinery has proved itself vastly beneficial to the people.

It is proposed to apply the means at hand in our agricultural colleges and experiment stations for the improvement of farm machinery and for experimentation in matters relating to the use of power for agricultural purposes. The men who now design and manufacture farm-machinery have had, as a rule, no training in matters agricultural or in agricultural mechanics, and for this reason the machines they make are not always suited to requirements. In such machines there is much room for improvement. The corn-planter, for example, is still very imperfect, and the same remark applies to the corn-harvester.

The American farmer buys annually $100,000,000 worth of farm implements and machinery—a vast investment, on which he should realize good returns through being able to select implements that meet all the requirements for which they were purchased. It is satisfactory, meanwhile, to realize that modern machinery now grows crops for less than half what it cost to produce them fifty years ago, though the people who do the work get double the wages formerly paid. Furthermore, the quality of the product is better, and it is handled in a more cleanly manner.

IMPORTED SONG-BIRDS—BLITHE SPIRITS BROUGHT HITHER NOT FROM HEAVEN OR NEAR IT.

FOREIGN song-birds are much desired in this country for æsthetic reasons, but the Government is not disposed to encourage their importation, fearing lest they prove the reverse of a blessing. The skylark, so generally admired, and which has been made celebrated by poets, is a grain-destroyer in Scandinavia—for which reason the Bureau of Mammals and Birds has recommended that no more of this species shall be admitted.

Already a colony of imported skylarks has been successfully established near Portland, Oregon, and there is another at Flatbush, in the outskirts of Brooklyn. People often say: "Listen to the singing of the skylark!" Appreciative of its melody, they are glad that the bird should have been brought to us from foreign parts. As a matter of fact, however, it is the voice of the native thrush that they hear. They heard the same voice long before the skylark arrived on the scene, but did not listen.

The starling (a pretty bird that lives in large flocks) has been successfully imported from Europe, and is now quite plentiful along the Hudson River. It has not done any damage yet, so far as known, but in New Zealand, where it has been likewise introduced, it has taken to eating cherries and other fruit, and is regarded as a pest. The trouble is that a bird harmless in its native habitat may adopt new habits when transported to a different clime. In such matters it is safest to leave Nature alone.

The English sparrow is not a nuisance of much importance in the Old World, but how glad we should be to get rid of it! There is no hope, however—as may be judged from the experience of Bermuda, where this feathered pest has been domesticated. The total area of Bermuda is only forty-eight square miles, and yet in a war waged between the authorities and the sparrow the latter has come out emphatically a victor. Bounties paid for the destruction of the "rat of the air," as somebody once called it, nearly bankrupted the insular treasury without reducing appreciably the numbers of the birds.

Where game birds are concerned, our Government has no hesitation about permitting their introduction. They are large enough to be shot, and, if they become too numerous at any time, they can be reduced to the requisite extent by declaring an open season and inviting the sportsmen to tackle them without hindrance.

HAVE PLANTS EYES?—SOME CAN TELL LIGHT FROM DARKNESS, WHICH IS MORE THAN SOME OF US CAN DO.

PLANTS are by no means so stupid or so helpless as they commonly get credit for being. No matter how a beech happens to be placed in the ground the root will turn down and the stem grow up into the air and there manage, somehow or other, to find its way to the nearest support.

Especially remarkable is the behavior of vegetables toward light. House plants, as every one knows, grow in the direction of the window, but if the pot be turned half-way round the leaves will nevertheless manage to screw themselves back into their old position, and the sunflower will "rubber round" all day long so as to stare at the sun. In temperate countries leaves grow at right angles to the rays of light, to get as much of it as possible; in the tropics they set themselves edgewise, to get as little.

Evidently, then, plants come at least as near seeing as do some animals. Pretty much all that has been known about the matter, however, is that they attend only to the blue rays of the sun; for though they will grow perfectly well in red or yellow light, they show not the slightest inclination to turn toward it.

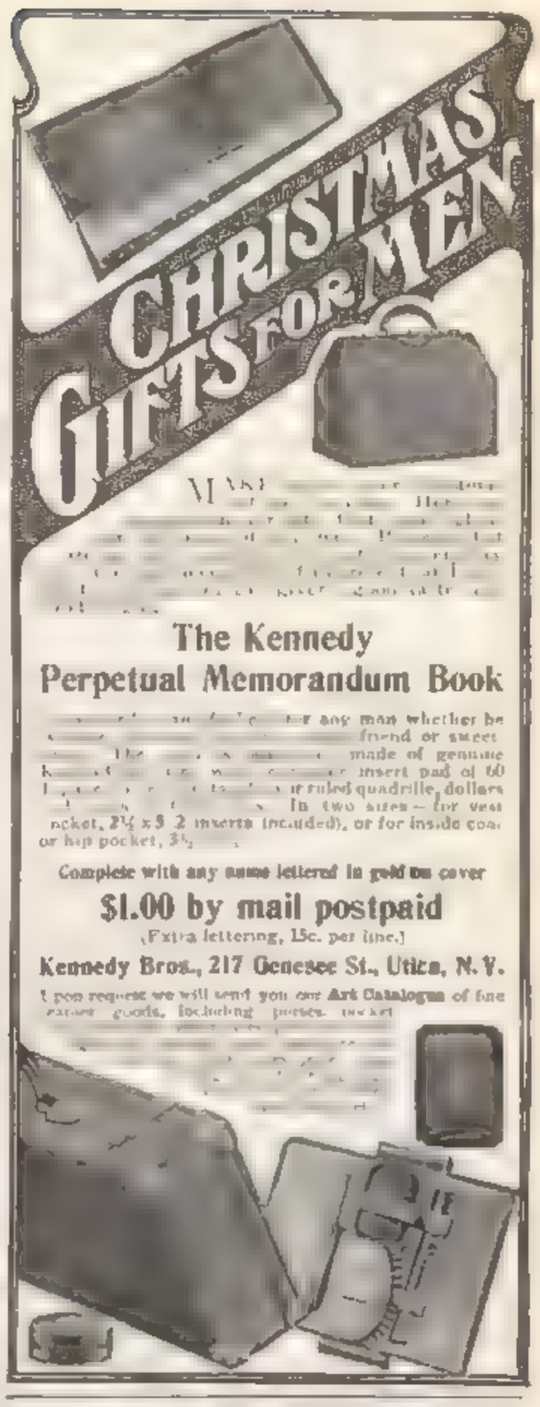
A German botanist, Haberlandt, who for many years has been studying these problems, has concluded that the whole upper surface of each leaf is a sort of compound eye. The thin, translucent skin which, in most plants, covers the green, succulent tissue of the leaf, is itself, in certain cases, composed of innumerable rounded cells. These, thinks Professor Haberlandt, are so many minute lenses which concentrate the light upon the living substance below, and enable the plant to distinguish between light and darkness, or between weak light and strong, though not, of course, to see objects. Such primitive lenses he finds in the fig, ivy, magnolia, wood-sorrel, and other plants. Certain plants, like the pepper and the balsam, have in addition little eye-spots, which in structure approach the eyes of many of the simplest animals, and appear, in a sense, to be real eyes.

At any rate, plants do act as if they could see, and Professor Haberlandt has found that each of these supposed sense-organs can be made to print a bright spot on a photographic plate.

GAS-ENGINES FOR OUR SHIPS—THEY WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO CIRCLE THE GLOBE WITHOUT FRESH FUEL.

TWENTY years from now the up-to-date cruiser or battleship will be able to travel around the world without a renewal of fuel supply. Of this the Navy Department is confident, and it bases the expectation upon the gas-engine, which apparently is destined to work many wonders.

The earliest type of steam-engine utilized only four or five per cent. of the energy contained in the fuel consumed. In the latest type of steam-engine perhaps twenty-two per cent. at most is made available. But the gas-engine utilizes over fifty per cent., and the only serious objection to it for ships is that the retorts in which the gas is generated are very heavy.



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[illegible] Each unnecessary stamp [illegible] costs money [illegible] offend—you can't afford to guess—can you?

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[illegible] to the number of cents required instantly for all [illegible] rates. You don't have to [illegible] the scale does it for [illegible] Warranted accurate [illegible]

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Catalog P.

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To everyone answering this advertisement we will ship this little wonder for only

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Height 16 in[illegible] Made of [illegible] die-pressed steel). Guaranteed to be the most economical gas heating stove made, [illegible] heat near [illegible] surface of the floor, where grown [illegible] need it and children must have it. Sent on

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5% and your money when you want it

Three things this company offers you:

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[illegible] strious men can make [illegible] Recent discoveries by the Agricultural Department [illegible] Free mail delivery, telephones, trolley cars, etc., [illegible] city pleasures to the country home. Only a small [illegible] "Digging Nuggets of Gold," [illegible]

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We will teach you the business, beginning to end [illegible] properly mated [illegible] matings guaranteed. Our squabs are [illegible] We have 11,000 breed[illegible]

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SENSE & NONSENSE

The Idol of His State

ONE of the most prominent citizens of Pickens County, Georgia, was, not long ago, driving through the sparsely-settled mountain section of his State when darkness overtook him. It is the custom throughout the South for the latch-string of a farmer's home to hang on the outside for the accommodation of the wandering stranger, so this particular wanderer stopped in front of the first home he reached and hallooed. After some delay the head of the household appeared at the door.

"My friend, can you put me up for the night?" asked the wanderer.

"Can't do it, stranger. Sorry, but my house is full. You'll find Squire Dickey's nigh on to three mile farther down the road."

"But it's already dark. Surely you can find a place for me. I'm a lawyer and I'm all right," the wayfarer added, fearing he might have been taken for one of the "revenoos" so much dreaded in the region of mountain dew.

"All lawyers is robbers. I'm agin them all."

"But I'm a Baptist preacher over my way."

"Squire Dickey's a Baptist. I'm Methodist myself. You go on yonder."

Thinking to find some means of melting the stony heart, the stranger announced himself as chairman of the Democratic County Committee of Pickens.

"I'm a Populist. Dickey's a Democrat."

"My son, Weldon Henley, told me——"

"Good gracious, stranger, be you the daddy of Weldon Henley, the baseball player? Why didn't you say so at first? Take that hoss around to the barn. If you're the daddy of that boy you kin have the best room in my house, sure enough!"

And Henley père got it.

Looking for a Bargain

AT THE Pennsylvania depot in Washington, the other morning, a man in the line asked the ticket agent at the window for a ticket to Harrisonburg.

"Which Harrisonburg?" asked the agent.

"W'y, de cheapest von, of course, if dare's any difference between 'em."

Song of the Modern Atonement

sumtimes i wisht i was a pirut so
i woodunt hafftoo go to skool uno
but fi mi skulankroasboans in the breez
ann berry awl mi treashur in the seez
neer sum lost iland ann sum uther day
ide kum ann dive fore it ann bare away
the spannish dubloons i had hidd ann then
go back to the old town i livd in wenn
i was a boy ann settul down ann sho
um awl i am not prowd ur aweld uno.

then i wood bi the teecher a noo dres
fore she wood nede it hadd enuf i gess
ann fownd a norfens hoam ann sel iskream
fore onley wott it kost ann it wood seam
a parradice on urth ann every day
ide give beafstake ann bukweet flower away
too awl the poor ann wenn thay past the hatt
ide dropp a hundered dollur bil in thatt
too mak the preecher gladd ann help him bi
owr way to thoas brite manshuns in the ski.

ann aftur wile i wood repent mi dedes
bi dooen things wich everybuddy nedes
ann spennden mi itgoten welth to fownd
sum collidges with statchoos awl arownd
ann hav a littul munney left sose i
woant be a popper wenn i kum too di.
then i wood urn foargivness fore mi past
ann be content to no thatt now at last
ime dooen good ann trien to atoan
fore dedes i did wile aftur welth aloan.

—*J. W. Foley.*

The Tomb of His Ancestors

TWO New Yorkers were dining at one of the fashionable restaurants in Philadelphia. Next to their table a quartette of Philadelphians were occupied with the leisurely enjoyment of a dinner that had been ordered after long and serious deliberation.

Said one of the New Yorkers to his companion:

"What are they eating?"

"Snails," was the reply.

"Cannibals!"

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Buying a high-grade automobile cannot safely be done on the strength of the mere arguments a manufacturer has room to advance in his advertisements.

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1906 Catalogue Ready

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 39 Lisbon Street, Cleveland, Ohio

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A South Bend Watch Keeps Perfect Time in a Boiling Temperature

[illegible] South Bend Watch is offered [illegible] save the face [illegible] Balance Wheel perfectly [illegible] the watch even to such great changes [illegible]

Watch is adjusted to meet such strains renders the assurance of its accuracy at all times doubly certain.

You might, after properly [illegible] the case, submit a South Bend Watch to a boiling temperature or freeze it solid in a [illegible] it is kept for hours in a refrigerator and must not lose or gain time even in the slightest degree. The wonderful South Bend watches adjust themselves to every temperature.

Not only is a South Bend Watch [illegible] to temperature changes, but we are repaid for the extra cost of manufacture [illegible]

South Bend Watches cost more to make than any other watches so long for the same price, but we are repaid for the extra cost of manufacture [illegible]

South Bend Watch Co., Dept. V, South Bend, Ind.

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Contains bonds netting 4½–5½%. [illegible] Real Estate Bonds

Specific offering this month [illegible] per cent. and bonds of [illegible] and [illegible] and last not less [illegible]

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PATENTS that PROTECT

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Fighting Bugs with Bugs

A Saving for the Farmer at the Government's Expense

BY RENÉ BACHE

Putting Up Fungus Germs at the Department of Agriculture

THE idea of fighting bugs with bugs is comparatively new, but already the importation of foreign insects for the purpose of pitting them against pests now domesticated in this country is occupying much of the attention of the Department of Agriculture. Indeed, the introduction of such beneficial species is one of the important features of the work of the Government Bureau of Entomology.

Professor L. O. Howard, head of the Bureau, has just returned from Europe with a collection of insects which are to be used for fighting the dreaded gipsy moth—a foliage destroyer which is doing an immense amount of damage in Massachusetts, and which threatens to extend its ravages to other parts of the country. He has also brought back with him a few enemies of the almost equally pestiferous "brown-tail" moth. These will be bred and propagated with a view to their distribution in infested districts—just as has been done already with a foe of the abominable San José scale bug, to obtain which Mr. C. L. Marlatt made a journey to northern China.

Eventually, it is believed, much will be accomplished toward combating the bug problem in the United States by the introduction of such beneficial insects. For every destructive species has its natural enemies, which, if proper opportunity be given, will restrict its multiplication to reasonable limits. Whenever an insect renders itself excessively obnoxious in any locality, destroying plant life in a wholesale way, there is reason to suspect that it may have been fetched from some other place, and that it is taking advantage of the absence of the foes that preyed upon it at home. If this appears to be the case, the obvious thing to do is to find out where the bug came from originally, and to obtain from thence specimens of the hostile tribe for breeding.

The Little Allies of Man

A very effective way to fight bugs, as the experts now realize, is by means of bugs. A single insect, of which something more in detail will presently be said, saved, not long ago, the entire orange-growing industry of California, which, but for its aid, would to-day be non-existent. Meanwhile, it may be as well to explain that beneficial species, such as those here described, are, roughly-speaking, of two kinds—parasitic and predaceous. They may live in or upon the bodies of their "hosts," or they may be literally bugs of prey, like the "kelep" (recently introduced from Guatemala, to fight the cotton-boll weevil), which lies in wait for its victim and devours it.

As a rule, each parasitic or predaceous insect assails only one kind of bug, and will touch no other. For instance, the Vedalia, which saved the oranges of California, subsists exclusively upon the so-called "cottony scale," and will starve before it will feed upon anything else whatsoever. This scale bug was accidentally imported by a nurseryman near San Francisco, in 1868, on some lemon trees from Australia. It found no formidable natural enemies in the Golden State, and, having once got a start there, it multiplied to such an extent that fruit orchards attacked by it looked as if they had been exposed to a severe snowstorm. There seemed to be a prospect that the whole country would be transformed into a desert, and it is a puzzle to know what might not have happened but for the interference of the Vedalia.

To Australia for a Beetle

Professor C. V. Riley, the predecessor of Doctor Howard as Government Entomologist-in-Chief, became convinced, after much sifting of evidence and much correspondence with naturalists in many parts of the world, that the scale bug must have come from Australia, and, at his suggestion, an expert named Koebele was sent to that country to make an investigation. The result amply justified the effort and expense involved in the undertaking. Koebele discovered the cottony scale in Australia, where, as he found, its numbers were kept down by a small reddish-brown beetle, which bred with extraordinary rapidity and fed with a voracious appetite exclusively upon the scale.

Koebele secured several hundred specimens of the little beetle, now widely known as the Vedalia, and, packing them in tin boxes, sent them to California in the ice-box of a steamship. On arriving they were liberated under an orange tree that was badly infected by the scale, and, to prevent them from escaping, the tree was inclosed in a gauze net. Nevertheless, by an accident, some of them did escape, flew to a near-by orange orchard, and promptly worked such havoc among the scale bugs there located as to excite astonishment. In fact, within a few weeks they cleaned out the whole place.

Meanwhile, the beetles were breeding rapidly in the gauze inclosure, and, a plentiful supply having thus been obtained, small consignments of them were sent by mail to orange-growers in various parts of the State. Not to prolong the story unduly, it will suffice to say that the Vedalia simply wiped the scale insects out of existence. A few still remain, but they are no longer bothersome. Occasionally, when an orchard is attacked by them, the owner gets a few ladybugs from the State Commission of Horticulture, and that settles the matter.

Thus was the first start made in the business of fighting bugs with bugs. It is a policy that will be continued to the utmost limit of practicability, because, when it can be carried out successfully, it affords an easy, cheap, thorough and permanent cure for the mischief. When a pestiferous insect once gets a foothold, its complete eradication is almost an impossibility, but, by introducing its natural foe, the scientific entomologist may pit one against the other with most satisfactory results. This is Nature's method of dealing with such problems, and the method described is simply one whereby she is helped to apply her own beneficent processes for keeping down the numbers of destructive species.

In the search for such friendly insects the most remote parts of the world are being explored. Not long ago, as already stated, Mr. Marlatt made a trip to the Asiatic continent in the hope of securing an enemy of the San José scale bug—a flylike creature whose larva is a blood-sucker, drinking the sap of the plant on which it feeds. Billions of these horrid bugs will attack a tree together, soon killing it, and orchards are destroyed as effectually as if fire had run through them. The annual damage they do in the United States is estimated at $10,000,000. Hence it is not surprising that the Government should have thought it worth while to set on foot a systematic search for an enemy which would be likely to neutralize the activities of the pest.

It was thought more than likely that this particular abomination had been fetched originally from some part of eastern Asia.

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We have these factories equipped with the latest labor saving wood working [illegible]

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We want to quote you a price on one of these machines.

You will be agreeably surprised at the price quoted.

[illegible] prepaid to [illegible] scattered throughout the country, where we carry complete stocks, ready for immediate shipment, thus insuring quick delivery.

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Only Chatham Incubators will stand such a liberal offer.

We will ship any Incubator you may choose from our catalogue, direct to your station, and allow you 84 days free trial on the machine.

This enables you to take off four hatches, and gives you a chance to prove that the machine is exactly as we represent it to be, and that it will do the work we claim it will do.

If it does not, you may send the machine back [illegible] expense—we'll pay all freight charges [illegible] cent iron clad [illegible] every machine sold, which in [illegible] actice will not only hatch at the end of the first season, but at the end of the fifth season.

Chatham Incubators are built on approved, tested, scientific principles that have been proved to be correct.

They have all the improvements possible to make on a machine.

Everything used in the manufacture of the Chatham Incubator is made right in our own factory, with the exception of the screws and nails.

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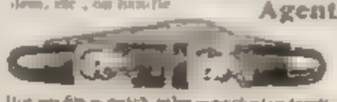

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Burning the Egg-Clusters of the Gipsy Moth with Gasoline

Accordingly, Mr. Marlatt started on what promised to be an extended tour, and, in the course of his travels, finally reached Peking, where he found the scale on some of the native apples, pears and peaches.

The region of which the bug is a native is in the northeast corner of China. There it has doubtless existed for many thousands of years, but, as Mr. Marlatt found, its numbers are kept down by natural enemies, among which the most conspicuous is a small beetle. Many specimens of this beetle were secured and brought to the United States; and, though all of them save two died, from this pair 5000 were obtained by breeding during the first summer after their arrival. They were propagated in a large outdoor cage of wire net—and consignments of them were sent to a number of fruit-growers in various parts of the country for trial. As yet the experiment has not been wholly successful, but hope is entertained that, along these lines, the problem may eventually find a solution.

In California, where the utilization of beneficial insects has been carried further than anywhere else in the world, a number of species of such bugs are regularly bred for distribution, consignments of them being shipped by mail in glass tubes, inclosed in pasteboard cylinders, to anybody who wants them. This work is conducted on a considerable scale by the State Commission of Horticulture, the methods adopted being exceedingly interesting. By the employment of an ingenious expedient, the glass tubes are rendered self-loading, so to speak, the mouths of hundreds of them together being inserted in rows of holes in the sides of wooden boxes in which the insects are confined. The latter, seeking the light, crawl into the tubes (handling being thus avoided), and the receptacles, each one provided with a stopper of cotton, are then ready for mailing.

Breeding Reinforcements

In the breeding work, large glass jars and boxes of glass are used. Bits of the food plant of the insect are put, together with a few healthy living specimens, into the jar, which is then covered over with a piece of cheesecloth or gauze to prevent them from escaping. Under these circumstances they multiply rapidly, and at intervals the increase is transferred to the wooden boxes aforementioned, whence they make their way into the glass tubes. It is an exceedingly simple process. At the same time, no little skill is required in its management, inasmuch as many of the most valuable species are so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye.

When friendly insects have once become established in a region where they have been introduced, all that are required for distribution can easily be obtained from the trees or other plants on which they breed. It is not necessary any longer to propagate them artificially. A few twigs or branches on which they are found are put into the wooden boxes already described, for loading into the glass tubes. In the handling of the very tiny species this self-loading method is obviously advantageous, inasmuch as it would be extremely difficult to deal with them otherwise.

The plan of fighting bugs with bugs cannot take the place of other methods of combating destructive insects. It appears to be practicable only in exceptional instances, of which the case of the cottony scale, which was wiped out by the Vedalia, is the most striking up to the present time. The so-called "black scale," which is a very bad bug indeed, is being kept down in California by two imported insects—the *Scutellista cyanea* and the *Rhizobius ventralis*. These three are the beneficial insects that have done the most important work in the Golden State. Nevertheless, entomologists all over the world are in active correspondence, with a view to the exchange of friendly bugs, and eventually much is likely to be accomplished by their aid for the benefit of the farmers and fruit-growers of this country. It is even conceivable that somewhere may be discovered an enemy to prey upon the abominable Colorado potato beetle—a creature that seems to have been originally native to our own Southwest, but which spread and multiplied enormously when provided with a food exactly to its liking in the shape of the succulent tuber.

Though grasshoppers are no longer so frightful a plague in parts of the West as formerly, they still do a great deal of damage at odd times, devouring the crops over wide areas. In the hope of destroying them wholesale, the Bureau of Entomology has recently tried, with partial success, to introduce among them a deadly fungus disease. The germs of the fungus were obtained from South Africa, and, being propagated in the shape of artificial "cultures," were sent out in glass tubes, corked with absorbent cotton and sealed with red wax, each one being inclosed in a pasteboard cylinder. On receiving such a bottle the farmer was directed to put a number of live grasshoppers in a wooden box together with some of the fungus. Then, after giving them time to become infected, the insects were to be liberated in a place where the 'hoppers were thick, confidence being entertained that they would spread the plague.

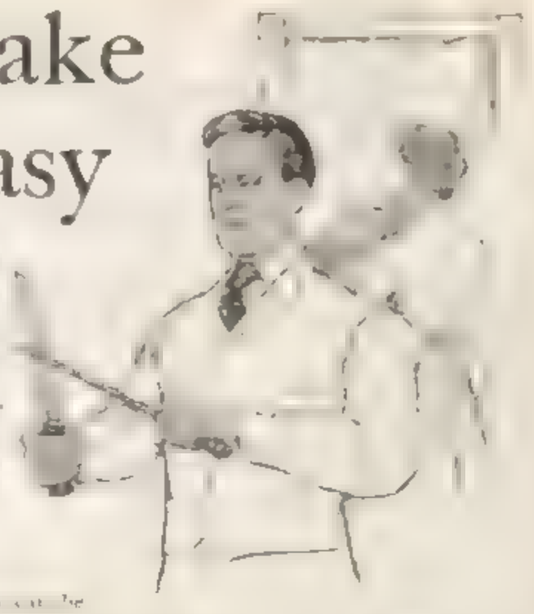
Death to the Grasshopper

It is owing to the settlement of great areas which formerly were its permanent breeding-grounds (producing regular and enormous crops of the voracious pests every year) that the grasshopper no longer appears in such innumerable swarms as of old. In earlier days the insect multiplied almost beyond belief, and it is related, on the authority of the Government Bureau of Entomology, that twenty-six years ago the Big and Little Blue Rivers, tributaries of the Missouri, were crossed at numerous places by armies of grasshoppers, which would proceed to the water's edge and begin jumping in, one upon another, until they actually pontooned the stream. Two of these hosts chanced to meet, one moving eastward and the other westward, on a bluff, and, both turning their course together downward from a perpendicular cliff thirty feet high, they passed over it in a sheet six or seven inches thick, with a roaring noise like that of a cataract of water.

The prospects for utilizing successfully the "kelep" to destroy the cotton-boll weevil, which is doing something like $20,000,000 worth of damage annually in the Southwest, seem to depend mainly upon its readiness to adapt itself to climatic conditions in the cotton-growing regions of this country. This insect, recently introduced from Guatemala, will unquestionably solve the problem if it can be persuaded to thrive and multiply as it does in its native habitat. It is new to the acquaintance of science—an ant-like creature, akin to the bees and wasps, and dwelling in small colonies of 100 to 400 individuals, in subterranean burrows. Apparently its social organization is more complete than that of any other insect, not even excepting bees. The boll-weevil is its favorite food, and the kelep, before devouring it, renders it helpless by stinging. A number of colonies of these curious bugs have been established in Texas, and a systematic series of experiments with them is now in progress.

The whole theory of fighting bugs with bugs is based upon the idea that every pest has at least one enemy that preys upon it and, under ordinary conditions, prevents it from becoming redundant. When any such bug is removed to a new section, where it has no natural enemies, there is nothing to stop its unlimited spreading, and, as insects propagate far more rapidly than any other animals, without some check they would soon overrun all of the region invaded. But in their native homes insects seldom become serious plagues, being usually rather rare than otherwise. "Accordingly," says Mr. John Isaac, of the California Commission of Horticulture (to whom the writer is indebted for much of his material), "when any bug becomes a specially severe nuisance in any section, there is a reasonable likelihood that it has been introduced there, and, if such is the case, in order to find its check we must trace it to its native lair. Having there discovered the agent that is keeping it down, we secure that agent and breed it, and send it into those parts of the country where its prey is most plentiful."

How to Make Carving Easy



H[illegible] give the family carving knife a 'fair [illegible] Gobbler of the [illegible] It never was known to be sharp after the [illegible]

But, Mr. Ma[illegible] expert [illegible]

• • •

[illegible] You [illegible] eured before it will take a thin, keen edge that won't [illegible]

[illegible] one knows that steel is heated to temper or [illegible] it, but here's just what hap[illegible]

At first steel is a mass of little grains like lump sugar. But heat wakes up the little grains and they begin to stretch—that's why we say steel expands when heated.

The little sugar-like grains stretch and wriggle under the heat until they weave themselves into a perfect [illegible] work of tiny wires—finer and closer as the heat increases.

Now, of course, a network of woven wire is tougher than a mass of crumbly grains.

The busy little grains—then wires—are never still while intensely heated. So in every second of time the kind or degree of toughness changes.

And just as water has its boiling point when it changes from water into steam, so steel has its ever sharp table knife temper point.

[illegible] where the steel changes from "crumbly" to tough.

Water won't boil at 211 or 212⅓ degrees—only at 212. Steel won't make ever sharp knives unless tempered to just the right point.

Just before this [illegible] is reached the knife will not stay [illegible] because the [illegible] to sharpen at home [illegible] trying to sharpen [illegible] dinners are kept waiting [illegible] dull knives—the kind that can't be sharpened at home on a steel.

Now the season you thought a good carving knife and a matter of luck is [illegible] knife make [illegible] expert [illegible] temper [illegible] at [illegible]

[illegible] are some pretty good guesses, [illegible] no mere guess can be right a very large percentage of times, and a [illegible] means dinners kept waiting, [illegible] only hacking and agony or constant whetting on the steel at table.

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[illegible] use there's only one Landers Process, and it's a figured-out process instead of a guess-work way.

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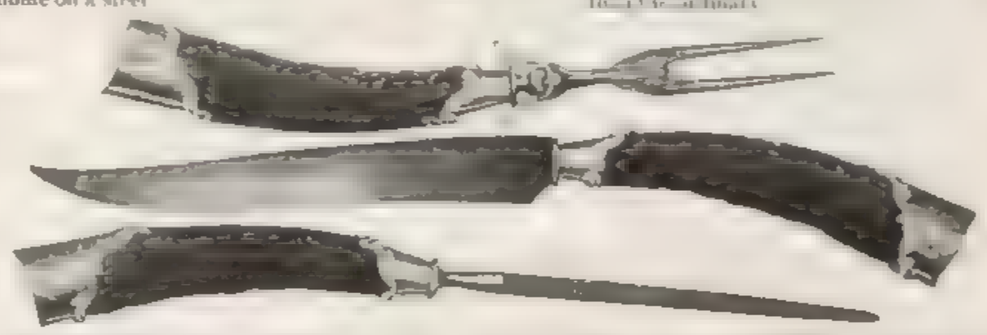

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THE OLD SWORD

(Continued from Page 6)

Mr. Handy softly cleared his throat again and glanced across at Toller. Their aging eyes saw once more the flash and glitter of a drawn sword.

"As I said," Varney went on, "Devere was gone, so I went to Bostwick, thinking it likely he'd have the note. But he swore to me that he didn't have it."

Mr. Bostwick moved uneasily in his chair. "Oh, well—by George, you come bustin' in unexpected! I wasn't armed!" He was struggling again against that mysterious threat, and it reinvoked all his incredulous rage. "That's twice you've done it!" he blurted out.

Varney paid no attention to him, but continued: "It was pretty certain that the note wouldn't be presented to Tom Stratton by anybody who'd had a hand in getting it. There are some men—simple-minded and not what you'd call well civilized—that are so constituted they can't be depended on to stand any trifling of any sort with their women folks. Tom was that kind. It was Tom's saving the fellow, and maybe the means I'd been prepared to take to get back the note, that clinched the thing with Annetta. She wouldn't hardly understand a man except as somebody to court her, and compliment her, and get her what she wanted, and be smiled at, and so on. When she understood what might have happened all around it was like a child seeing lightning. It sobered her a great deal. She was carefuller of Tom and her boy and of other people generally; and she depended on me. Then I understood something, too; that is, if I'd been man enough to meet her at first open and simple-hearted and friendly instead of with that chunk of grit in me. I could have had what was best about her—the charm and gayness and so on—and been the richer for it; and she wouldn't have got into that scrape, for I knew what sort of feller Devere was easy enough. So I felt in a peculiar way about Annetta—as though a soft, pretty creature that didn't mean any harm, and was ready as a bird to show her bright features and sing, had been caught and mangled, and I was sort of responsible for it, too, when she'd been ready enough to love me. We were good friends after that; but she was always afraid of the note. It only lasted a few months. She died the next winter, and at the last she said: 'Stand by me, Uncle Charley, and the boy.'"

The justice and county treasurer were looking studiously at the floor.

"I wanted to lay it all before you, John and Ed. Maybe it's something that ought not to be told to anybody; but I'd put my own wife or daughter in your hands the same way. I wanted to put it all before you, because I'm getting to be an old man and I'm ready to go a long ways for peace. You may be able to persuade Bostwick. You know how I feel about it all the way through. The girl was left to me, and I'm due to protect her, too. Anybody that touches the dead woman's name, or the girl, will have to answer."

Again Mr. Bostwick moved uneasily in his chair.

Justice Toller wiped his glasses impatiently, replaced them and turned his small, bright, gray eyes upon the banker.

"If the case was before me officially," he said, "I don't see as the court could enter any objection to shooting Bostwick."

"Oh, well! Oh, well, now! If you're trying to browbeat me!" Mr. Bostwick stammered. He felt the sting of the scorn, and he felt the necessity of maintaining his prestige. He knew that his character was not held in perfect admiration by all his fellow-citizens; but he was used to the power of his money, the deference due to his command of credit. He had bullied plenty of men successfully, too. He worked on to keep himself inflated. "Bullying won't go, you know!" He made his voice loud.

Mr. Handy interposed diplomatically. "That ain't got anything to do with this check. Toller and I are on Charley's bond as tax collector. I don't see what you want to go dragging us into it for, Mr. Bostwick. I'm a pretty good customer of yours."

The county treasurer was, as has been said, the bank's largest depositor, and a man of weight and substance. Mr. Bostwick caught at the hint of an alliance, and beamed his sultriest. "Why, I don't want to make you and Toller any trouble," he declared expansively. "I didn't really intend to; but I had to do something to show this man he couldn't go bullying me. I'll let you boys out of it. I'll pay the check."

"That's good," the county treasurer commented, and handed over the check.

"You see how it is." The banker beamed at his new allies. "As a matter of fact, I bought this note he's roaring about in a legitimate way. I'm an innocent purchaser, you see, and it's a claim against Tom Stratton's estate. I'm willing to be reasonable." He persisted in not looking at Varney. "If he'll fetch over that four hundred dollars I'll take it and call it square, though the note is for a thousand and interest."

"The money is the girl's," Varney said quietly.

"All right then." Mr. Bostwick looked around at him, put his head to one side and thrust his thumb in the armhole of his vest. "I'll go over and lay the case before her: it's her father's debt."

Varney passed his hand down his beard. "You can lay it before her, Bostwick, after I'm dead; not while I'm alive."

Again it was that irritating threat. "You're always trying to bully me!" Bostwick shouted. "It won't go, I tell you! It won't go!"

Varney addressed Handy and Toller calmly: "There's a pretty long account, first and last, between Brother Bostwick and me and him and Tom Stratton. He's got the section of land that we owned and so on. He led us into that patent pump deal, and there's a lot more like that. But I don't say anything about what he did to us men. That's all right. It's just when it comes to Annetta and the girl. The way it looks to me, Charley Varney would die a coward if he stood that."

"Oh, well, if you say the note ain't good and I ain't got a right to it, just come into court and prove it if you want to. By George, I'll just file my claim against the estate and levy on the gold, and you can come into court if you want the thing tried out."

Varney stood up. "There ain't any court for this case," he said. "I'm due to protect the women. Don't you touch 'em, Bostwick."

The banker's nervous eyes examined the hang of Varney's alpaca jacket and the contour of the region of his hip pocket. His heavy under lip trembled a little and his brow perspired. "I won't be bullied, I tell you! I won't be!" he cried in a fine agony of rage and apprehension. "When—when's Emma going away?"

Varney considered it, and answered, "To-morrow noon."

"By George, I'll be there!" the banker cried out with a tremendous effort. "I'll be there!"

The tax collector's eyes glowed dully at the banker. "You'll find me on hand, Bostwick," he replied, low and almost sweetly; so that the justice and the county treasurer understood anew what it means to be born with it in you.

The three filed out and paused, absorbed, on the hot plank walk.

"You know, Charley——" The county treasurer hesitated, plucking nervously at the gray tuft on his chin, his face screwed up from the sun and the trouble. "He shot a man back in Arkansaw."

Varney smiled, the recollection lightening his heart for a moment. Then he said confidentially: "I don't believe he's got the sand to come. . . . But if he does come, to trouble the girl and make that note public——" He did not need to finish.

Toller scratched his head unhappily. "We ought to be able to find some sort of dog-collar that would hold the pup," he said anxiously to Handy.

"I don't know what you can do if he's bound to do it," the county treasurer replied with a kind of angry helplessness. In their perplexity for the moment they were leaving Varney aside.

Varney touched Handy's arm. "I don't want you boys to bother," he said. "Just forget about it. It's my business. My mind's made up and easy. I know I've got the right to protect that woman, and I won't truckle to Bostwick in this. There's some things, as I feel about it"—he nodded lightly to affirm his words—"that a man's got to do or stop being a man."

They walked silently down the square. Inside the bank Mr. Bostwick had gone at once to Sam Spratt for the audience that

Facts About Watches

Before you start out to buy a watch you generally decide upon the amount you have to spend, and then aim to get the best you can for your money. A few facts, therefore, about watches in general will undoubtedly interest you. It used to be the custom, and it is now with many retailers, to purchase the movements from one factory and the cases from another. This was, and is, very unsatisfactory, because the watch does not always fit the case perfectly, and it requires more or less adjusting all the time. Of course such watches are "guaranteed," but it is sometimes very difficult to find the persons responsible for the "guarantee."

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he needed. His courage was a matter of company. In a crowd, and oratorically, he would have given Horatius pause. He was still disturbed, and he began pumping himself up.

"Oh, no! It didn't work this time, Sammy! It didn't work this time!" he bawled out, wagging his head. "Old bum! Come in here and hold me up when I ain't prepared. It didn't work this time! I'll show him!"

He never understood how virulently he hated Varney or how deep the insult of his mysterious subjugation pierced until he began telling Sam about it.

"I'll show him! Do you know what I'm going to do? Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going down to the depot to-morrow noon and take that money away from him. He says I dassen't! I'm going down there, by George, and take it away from him!" The banker thrilled with joy at the picture. "Is this gun loaded?" He took the office revolver from the cash-drawer. The sight of it sickened him a little, so he worked his bravado all the harder. "I'll go down there and take it away from him, by George!" He flourished the weapon, partly to get it out of his sight. Yet there was a kind of comfort in the feel of it in his hand. He had used such a weapon once—not fairly, but effectually. He was flourishing it when the postmaster came in with the day's deposit.

"Hello! Old Charley Varney's been in here trying to hold me up! I'm going to take the money away from him!" Bostwick had to play the part over again for this new auditor

So Mr. Spratt, on his way back to the post-office, stopped before the drug store—all agrin and with a rakish air of letting the dance go on—and told Mrs. Angus about the prospective duel. Mrs. Angus spread the word. She didn't really believe it was true; still, as she covertly watched Varney when he started home in his easy going way, she recalled, rather hopefully, what men had said of him as a sheriff. Also she took occasion to go to the bank, and there to let Mr. Bostwick know how sympathetically she hoped he wasn't going to let himself be bullied.

V

"I'VE got my trunk packed, Uncle Charley," said Emma rather gravely as Varney came in to supper and hung up his straw hat.

"That's good," said Varney cheerfully, going to the sink.

Emma, busy at the stove, turned her back, as she observed, incidentally: "I suppose Aunt Spruitt will drive in early." Aunt Spruitt was the distant relative, a loose-twisted and low-spirited female pensioner of the connection, who was to keep house for Uncle Charley and Johnny when Emma was gone.

Ever since Emma had finished packing her trunk that afternoon the mood which she had foreseen and half unconsciously steeled herself against had been attacking her. After all, this was the only real world she knew. It would be lonesome for Uncle Charley and Johnny with the angular and discouraged Aunt Spruitt. The trunk itself looked like a coffin in which, for those who loved her, she lay buried. Cheap, familiar things about the poor house reached dumb little hands toward her heart. From the beginning she had foreseen that this trial was involved in her going away; but she had considered it necessary to arm herself against it with an instinctive feeling that, if she were to let the pathos of leaving them come in, she might find herself unjustified in going at all. So, now, she fought against what threatened to overthrow her victory, although it still whispered and whispered to her heart.

"I remember Aunt Spruitt used to be great on pies," said Varney, as though he were relishing the product of her talent even then.

Again, although she said it was what she wished, his indifference subtly wounded Emma. "He doesn't care," she thought.

After supper Varney went out on the stoop to smoke. Johnny went out and came in, loitered uncertainly at the kitchen door, turned away and came back and sat down on the corner of the woodbox. His restless movements played upon her strained nerves.

"I suppose you'll be a long ways from here when we're eating supper to-morrow," he said.

"Oh, not so very far," she replied lightly and even gayly. "Only so far as Lincoln by that time. You've been there, you know."

The lad found nothing more to say, and presently slipped restlessly out-of-doors again. His words came back to her: "My mother didn't leave me anything"

That evening the momentous stillness would not go out of the house. She could not talk against it. Varney sat in the kitchen with his pipe and a magazine. Johnny came over to her in the dark of the front room. "I guess I'll go to bed, Emma," he said with a slight, tremulous sigh, quickly suppressed. He kissed her cheek.

"Good-night, dear." Her voice sounded absurdly loud. She heard his bare feet on the stairs. His small person, his quick, nervous brown hands, the patched trousers and one suspender and hickory shirt were present to her as he undressed and slipped into bed in the dark, with his world of childish loneliness.

By and by it seemed that she could do no better than go to bed herself and cover herself up and try to drown herself in darkness and sleep She went noiselessly but she heard the boy stirring as she passed his door.

"That you, Emma?" he called.

"Yes. Aren't you asleep?"

He waited a moment; then called: "I guess I'll get to sleep all right." She heard him turning to the wall and went on to her own room

Some ten minutes later, Varney, who had laid pipe and magazine aside now that he was alone downstairs, and sat with folded hands, roused to the sudden rush of a figure in the room. Before he had time to move, Emma dropped on her knees beside him.

"I want to leave half my money for Johnny, Uncle Charley. I want you to keep it for him. I want him to have it from me, as I had it from my mother." She held the lumpy little sack in her hands. "You've been good to me, Uncle Charley—awfully good and kind! I hope you won't be lonesome."

Her eyes shone and her voice trembled a little as she leaned to him. He understood the mastering need to love and be loved that had finally overborne her, making her simple as a child. He saw that at length she had come into her womanhood. He put his hand on her head.

"You know, Uncle Charley," she said, lower and softly, as though touching something that could be touched, if at all, only with tenderness, "his mother couldn't leave him anything. I want him to have half from me. I'll have plenty"

"I guess half will be better than all, Emma," he said

She understood him as he had understood her, for they were at one. "I know," she murmured. "I tried to make myself selfish. It seemed as though I had to do that to get away at all—to keep from thinking about you and Johnny. I love you both. But I tried to think about—Annetta, not about you—to be careless."

He bent his head nearer hers. "Don't do it, honey. When women like you get careless—sometimes men have to die."

She obscurely felt the movement of a hidden drama, involving some injury that had been done him, some burden that he had borne. Quite simply and unexpectedly she said: "I'll stay, Uncle Charley. I'll stay a year—two years." It seemed to her that it would be perfectly easy to do it.

Varney laughed contentedly and dropped his arm over her shoulder: "Oh, no. Why should you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" She smiled at his contented laugh. "It's my home—with Johnny and you."

With the unconscious touch of coquetry she tilted her pretty chin, her lips curving The movement had the penetrating fragrance of a woman's half shy, half bold offering of her love. For the first time he clearly perceived her as a woman, and something was reborn to him: an old sweetness flooded back into his heart.

"I wouldn't have you stay, honey. That would be wrong." He paused a moment, smiling. "You've paid all your debts."

She let the new thought come in to her—gentle and wondering. "Did I make debts for you to pay, Uncle Charley?"

"Why, not *make*, exactly." He took her face between his hard palms. "You see, you look very much—as somebody used to."

She knew the resemblance. "I'll stay, Uncle Charley! Truly, I'll stay! It wouldn't matter so much. You know, it seemed as though there wasn't anything here—as though nothing could happen here—as though it was, someway, out of the world."

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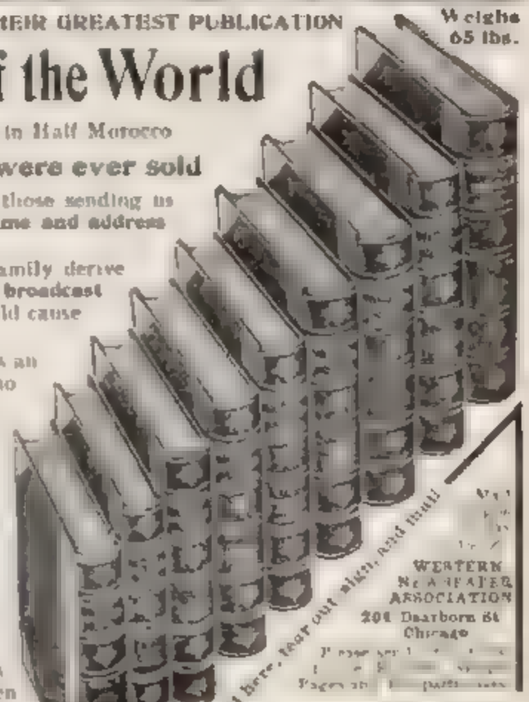

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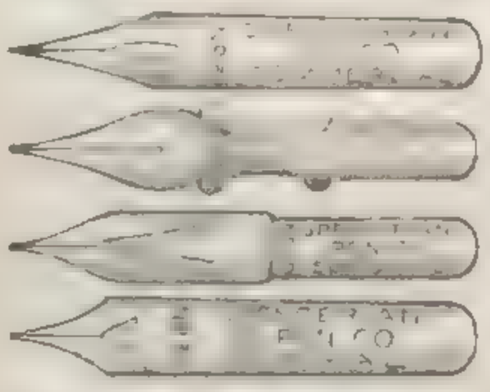

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She was full of this revelation which seemed to bring many obscure things into the light. "Tell me"—she hesitated and whispered—"Annetta left debts?"

Varney laughed low. "A little debt or two, maybe. Maybe a little debt. But all will be paid. You see, it ain't Centralia or this place, or that, or the things around you. It's what's in your own heart."

"I know—now," she murmured.

"Of course, you must go. It would be all foolishness not to. I want it to be easy for you. That's my part."

She comprehended then why he had treated her going so lightly. As she looked earnestly into his aging, gray-bearded face, she again felt the presence of something large and protecting, which nourished a steady courage in her.

"You'll go to-morrow," he nodded to affirm it, his eyes twinkling.

"I suppose it's best." She put the lumpy sack into his hands. "You tell Johnny of this when I'm gone." Her quiet voice and grave eyes were a woman's, ready to meet the pain of leave-taking steadily, and dignified with an instinctive sense of the power and meaning of bestowing love. "I'm going up to him now."

"Good-night," said Varney, as quietly as herself. This phase of her, too, reminded him.

She kissed him and went away. He heard her go up the stairs and call softly: "Johnny—awake?" And Johnny's voice made answer: "Yes, I'm awake." He knew she went in and lay beside the boy.

The dear one, he thought, and hardly knew whether he meant Emma or that other who had been his bride.

The gold lay heavy in his lax hands. He was old; the dear one was about to vanish again. The strangeness of life reshaped his dream—to love and hope with such passion; then in a little while to find one's self alone near the end. . . . Well, a man could go forward firmly. He arose and blew out the light. Then it came to him abruptly—to-morrow he must be prepared to meet Bostwick.

The morning was like any other in Centralia, except that here and there along the square there was an odd stir of interest.

Postmaster Spratt explained confidentially to the dentist: "Sam's driv' into the country. I just told him to keep out of it."

Mrs. Angus and the editor's wife mounted guard in the drug store. They saw Varney come in the back way and go up to his office soon after nine o'clock, and twice or thrice in the next three-quarters of an hour Mrs. Angus, bareheaded and very incidental-looking, drifted innocently over to the stair-door and listened. Once they heard Varney walking back and forth for a few minutes overhead.

Varney himself was oblivious to these uneasy movements. Emma and Johnny were coming to his office about twelve and he was going to the station with them. The train left at half-past twelve. He had brought her money and Johnny's along with him, to be on the safe side.

He had nothing in particular to do at the office that forenoon; but he came there out of habit and to be alone, for he was disturbed. The day before it had seemed quite simple. He had only half-believed in Bostwick's belligerent declaration, but he must be ready. There was a point where a man must fight or surrender his manhood.

Now the girl kept coming in differently and obscuring it. She brought some one else in with her. In a way it was still simple enough to go armed, if threatened; to fight, if attacked. But the heavy revolver lay untouched in the drawer.

Presently he sat down at the desk and began making a computation. There were his house and the two lots, worth perhaps five or six hundred dollars, and some small odds and ends of personalty. He did not say to himself that he had any object in making the schedule. It was rather a mere matter of curiosity. Still, the unformulated thought that lay in the back of his brain arose and mocked him. To swallow injury and insult; to let a dog harry him. It was like the suicide of his courage and self-respect. A man owed something to his own integrity. However, he stared down at the pad of paper without tearing it up. He was still at the desk with the feeling of being old and befooled, when the door opened briskly and he stood up as though he had been caught at something that might shame him.

It was not the enemy, but Emma. She gave a little laugh with sparkling eyes, as her glancing feet brought her swiftly to him. "Johnny's carried the books over to Mrs. Matthews. I told him I'd wait for him here. I came over to be with you."

He took her hands between his brown palms. "That's good," he said; "but you'll have to wait a minute. I've got to step over to the bank."

Once again he felt perfectly light-hearted and easy. He folded the piece of paper and put it in his pocket, and went to make his submission, nodding to her from the door.

Mrs. Angus heard him coming downstairs and went out on the sidewalk for a freer view. The barber saw him crossing the dusty road and left a customer half-shaved, the customer himself running to the window. The butcher in his apron stopped cutting a roast and explained excitedly to the woman who was buying it. Heads appeared in the courthouse windows. Mr. Spratt and the dentist came out in front of the post-office. They were all law-abiding citizens, but caught in the electric rush of the drama, secretly exhilarated by the unwonted tension of their nerves. They saw an aging, shabby, round-shouldered figure in a rusty alpaca jacket moving steadily across the square, and they remembered that he had carried death in his hands. The county treasurer went back to his office, sat down at his desk and leaned his head on his arms.

As Varney neared the other edge of the square he remembered that Bostwick had shot a man back in Arkansaw. There was no change in his gait; but, half-mechanically, he put his hand in the pocket of his jacket where lay his only weapon—the bit of paper with a schedule of his possessions. He crossed the road, climbed the three wooden steps and entered the bank.

No one was in sight. He paused a moment, then advanced to the counter, craning forward for a comprehensive view behind it. There were only the safe, desk and furnishings. The door to the little parlor at the rear was closed. Bostwick might be awaiting him there. He advanced steadily and looked in. Emptiness there, too. The rear door was open, however, and he stepped across to it, rather puzzled. The view disclosed a sere stretch of back yards, the alley, a cowshed on the other side. A stray dog, busy with a bone, started back, holding up a dubious foot. But there was no banker.

He reflected that Bostwick had doubtless stepped out for a moment, and he sat down calmly, on the corner of the small table, to await his return.

It was there that Handy and Toller found him.

"Brother Bostwick," said the justice gravely, "is in favor of peace."

The county treasurer suddenly doubled his fat body with a puff of choked laughter and clapped Varney on the shoulder. "He bolted out the back way and run like a whitehead when he saw you coming, Charley. Scairt out of his wits. He come around the back way and across to my office like a pup that's been hit with a stone. He don't want nothing but just to cancel your note and have you promise not to kill him."

It was even so. People had shunned the bank that morning. Sam Spratt had disappeared, and the loneliness had hurt the banker's nerves. He needed an audience to bluster before. The clock got to ticking things about the man who had been sheriff. When he saw Varney coming he tried to keep his ground; but at the movement to the pocket of the hand that had held death he again suffered that mysterious collapse of the soul.

"Well—of course, if he's willing to do it," said Varney with a moment of confusion. Then he laughed. "Why, I came over here to settle with him—to ask his pardon and offer him everything I've got to give up the note peaceably."

"The terms he offers are better, Charley," Toller commented dryly.

"It was on account of the girl," said Varney, low. "It was when I saw how it would be for her if there was a row. I suppose I've been a good deal of a failure. She's a dear girl, and I wanted her to go away light-hearted and free. It's all I've got to give her, you know."

He started back to his office, looking up to the dusty window where he could see the waiting figure. "The old man can do more than fight for you, honey," he thought, with summer in his heart.

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LADY BALTIMORE

Continued from Page 11

The war had not prevented my parents from sending me to school and college, but here the old had seen the young grow up starved of what their fathers had given them, and the young had looked to the old and known their stripped heritage.

"Miss La Heu," I said, "I could not tell you, you would not wish me to tell you, what the sight of Kings Port has made me feel. But you will let me say this: I have understood for a long while about your old people, your old ladies, whose faces are so fine and sad."

I paused, but she merely looked at me, and her eyes were hard.

"And I may say this, too. I thank you very sincerely for bringing completely home to me what I had begun to make out for myself. I hope the Daughters of Dixie will go on singing of their heroes."

I paused again, and now she looked away, out of the window into Royal Street.

"Perhaps," I still continued, "you will hardly believe me when I say that I have looked at your monuments here with an emotion more poignant even than that which Northern monuments raise in me."

"Why?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Need you have asked that? The North won——"

"You are quite dispassionate!" Her eyes were always toward the window.

"That's *my* 'sacred trust.'"

It made her look at me. "Yours?"

"Not yours——yet! It would be yours if you had won." I thought a slight change came in her steady scrutiny. "And, Miss La Heu, it was awful about the negro. It is awful. The young North thinks so just as much as you do. Oh, we shock our old people! We don't expect *them* to change, but they mustn't expect us *not* to. And even some of them have begun to whisper a little doubtfully. But never mind them—here's the negro. We can't kick him out. That plan is childish. So it's like two men having to live in one house. The white man would keep the house in repair, the black would let it rot. Well, the black must take orders from the white. And it will end so."

She was eager. "Slavery again, you think?"

"Oh, never! It was too injurious to ourselves. But something between slavery and equality." And I ended with a quotation: "'Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.'"

"You may call me cousin this once—because you have been, really, quite nice for a Northerner."

Now we had come to the place where she must understand me.

"Not a Northerner, Miss La Heu——"

She became mocking. "Scarcely a Southerner, I presume?"

But I kept my smile and my directness. "No more a Southerner than a Northerner——"

"Pray what then?"

"An American." She was silent.

"It's the 'sacred trust'——for me."

She was still silent.

"If my State seceded from the Union tomorrow I should side with the Union against her."

She was frankly astonished now. "Would you really?" And I think some light about me began to reach her. A Northerner willing to side against a Northern State! I was very glad that I had found that phrase to make clear to her my American creed.

I proceeded. "I shall help to hand down all the glories and all the sadnesses: Lee's, Lincoln's, everybody's. But I shall not hand 'it' down." This checked her.

"It's easy for *me*, you know," I hastily explained. "Nothing noble about it at all. But from noble people"—and I looked hard at her—"one expects, sooner or later, noble things."

She repressed something she had been going to reply.

"If ever I have children," I finished, "they shall know Dixie and Yankee Doodle by heart, and never know the difference. By that time I should think they might have a chance of hearing Yankee Doodle in Kings Port——"

Again she checked a rapid retort. "Well," she, after a pause, repeated, "you have been really quite nice."

"May I tell you what you have been?"

"Certainly not. Have you seen Mr. Mayrant to-day?"

"We have an engagement to walk this afternoon. May I go walking with you some time?"

"May he, General?" A wagging tail knocked on the floor behind the counter. "General says that he will think about it. What makes you like Mr. Mayrant so much?"

This question struck me as an odd one; nor could I make out the import of the peculiar tone in which she put it. "Why, I should think everybody would like him——except, perhaps, his double victim."

"Double?"

"Yes, first of his fist and then of—of his hand!"

But she didn't respond.

"Of his hand——his poker hand," I explained.

"Poker hand?" She remained honestly vague.

It rejoiced me to be the first to tell her. "You haven't heard of Master John's last performance? Well, finding himself forced by that immeasurable old Aunt Josephine of yours to shake hands, he shook 'em all right, but he took thirty dollars away as a little set-off for his docility."

"Oh!" she murmured, overwhelmed with astonishment. Then she broke into one of her delicious peals of laughter.

"Anybody," I said, "likes a boy who plays a hand—and a fist—to that tune." I continued to say a number of commendatory words about young John, while her sparkling eyes rested upon me. But even as I talked I grew aware that these eyes were not sparkling, were starry, rather, and distant, and that she was not hearing what I said; so I stopped abruptly, and at the stopping she spoke, like a person waking up.

"Oh, yes! Certainly he can take care of himself. Why not?"

"Rather creditable, don't you think?"

"Creditable?"

"Considering his aunts and everything."

She became haughty on the instant. "Upon my word! And do you suppose the women of South Carolina don't wish their men to be men? Why"—she returned to mirth and that arch mockery which was her special charm—"we South Carolina women consider virtue *our* business, and we don't expect the men to meddle with it!"

"Primal, perpetual, necessary!" I cried. "When that division gets blurred society is doomed. Are you sure John can take care of himself *every* way?"

"I have other things than Mr. Mayrant to think about." She said this quite sharply.

It surprised me. "To be sure," I assented. "But didn't you once tell me that you thought he was simple?"

She opened her ledger. "It's a great honor to have one's words so well remembered."

I was still at a loss. "Anyhow, the wedding is postponed," I continued; "and the cake. Of course one can't help wondering how it's all coming out."

She was now working at her ledger, bending her head over it. "Have you ever met Miss Rieppe?" She inquired this with a sort of wonderful softness.

"Never, but there's nobody at present living whom I long to see so much."

She wrote on for a little while before saying, with her pencil steadily busy, "Why?"

"Why? Don't you? After all this fuss?"

"Oh, certainly," she drawled. "She is so much admired—by Northerners."

"I do hope John is able to take care of himself!" I purposely repeated.

"Take care of *yourself*!" she laughed angrily over her ledger.

"Me? Why? I understand you less and less!"

"Very likely."

"Why, I want to help him!" I protested. "I don't want him to marry her. Oh, by the way, do you happen to know what it is that she is coming here to see for herself?"

In a moment her ledger was left, and she was looking at me straight. "Coming? When?"

"Soon. In an automobile. To see something for herself."

She pondered for quite a long moment; then her eyes returned, searchingly, to me. "You didn't make that up?"

I laughed, and explained. "Some of them, at any rate," I finished, "know what she's coming for. They were rather queer about it, I thought."

She pondered again. I noticed that she had deeply flushed, and that the flush was leaving her. Then she fixed her eyes on me once more. "They wouldn't tell you?"

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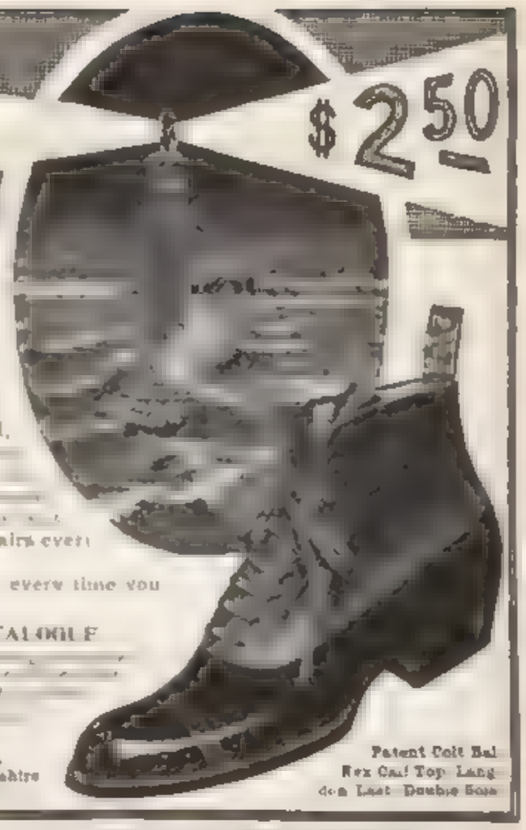

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"I think that they came inadvertently near it once or twice, and remembered just in time that I didn't know about it."

"But since you *do* know pretty much about it!" she laughed

I shook my head. "There's something else, something that's turned up; the sort of thing that upsets calculations. And I merely hoped that you'd know."

On those last words of mine she gave me quite an extraordinary look, and then, as if satisfied with what she saw in my face:

"They don't talk to me."

It was an assurance, it was true; it had the ring of truth, that evident genuineness which a piece of real confidence always possesses: she meant me to know that we were in the same boat of ignorance to-day. And yet, as I rose from lunch and came forward to settle for it, I was aware of some sense of defeat, of having been held off just as the ladies on High Walk had held me off

"Well," I sighed, "I pin my faith to the aunt who says he'll never marry her."

Miss La Heu had no more to say upon the subject. "Haven't you forgotten something?" she inquired gayly; and, as I turned to see what I had left behind—I mean, you had no Lady Baltimore to-day

"I clean forgot it!"

"No loss. It is very stale; and to-morrow I shall have a fresh supply ready."

As I departed through the door I was conscious of her eyes following me, and that she had spoken of Lady Baltimore precisely because she was thinking of something else.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR BY DRAFT

(Continued from Page 11)

"It's business, though," said I, "and business is my holt. You understand, it's my own reputation that's being dickered just now and you can't ring in bad money on me. A motion to adjourn is in order. I hope that's parliamentary, for we're going to do it."

Two minutes later I had shaken 'em off and was out of the library—and alone at that! That's better than the Czar of Russia can do when it comes to advisers.

I'd had pretty good luck with that adjutant-general the night before. He was a part of my plan just now. That plan had squared itself. There wasn't a hazy outline left.

"Look here, General," said I, when we were shut up together in his private office, "I've taken oath as Governor of this State. You are Governor also, as you understand it, and there will probably be a half-dozen more Governors piling in upon you right away, for they seem to be sprouting fast. But I happen to have the written authority of the Supreme Court of this State behind me and I want to know what you are going to say to it."

I slapped open the paper and handed it to him.

"I don't intend to argue the big question with you," I went on. "That's all been done before the court. I'm no lawyer and no politician, either. The plain question before you is: do you, as the adjutant-general of this State, defy your Supreme Court?"

"Well, Governor Southwick's last official act ——" he began.

"Do you defy the Supreme Court? I want a plain answer to that one question."

"I'm in charge of State property and ——"

"And executor of Sterl Southwick's political estate! I know! But do you defy your Supreme Court?"

"No!" He didn't say it with alacrity, but he said it.

"Well, then, the Supreme Court and Governor Stearns do not need the milish any longer. Send away your soldiers."

"But ——"

"Do you defy the Supreme Court?"

"No," he fairly shrieked, mad clear through at my style of blocking argument.

"Send away your soldiers."

"The people of the State look to me ——"

"They look to the Supreme Court, and your soldiers only complicate affairs. Do you defy ——"

"Don't you ask me that question again!" he barked

"For just two saucy words from you I'll show you up to the people of this State along with the other conspirators, General," I remarked, and I looked at him mighty hard.

At the end of ten minutes, while he had been perspiring and pondering, I had only to start:

"Do you ——"

He snorted like a horse. The roar of more cheers upstairs caught his ear.

"Make the most of your ten minutes of Governorship," he snapped. "Votes will tell the story, and mighty soon at that!"

But he summoned an orderly and gave directions for the soldiers to march to the armory in the city.

As I have had occasion to remark, he was a prudent old general, and he didn't exactly know what to do with responsibility.

The soldiers were all young fellows and according to my notion they were not to be depended on either way. I'm not used to soldiers. I didn't want 'em 'round me. I wasn't looking for war, nor planning on a war basis. In time of trouble give me the good, old-fashioned, red-faced, pot-bellied policeman with a club—not young clerks out of grocery stores, with a rifle and white gloves too long at the finger-tips, and only grit enough to holler for the officer of the guard.

Yes, sir, I am used to deferring to policemen. All of us are used to deferring to policemen from boyhood up. It's only in monarchies that soldiers frighten any one. We're all afraid of policemen hereabouts—it's a constitutional feeling that lasts over from the days of youth. A policeman—a fat policeman with a club! He's the boy!

So I hustled downtown and told the Mayor that I expected trouble in the street outside the State House, and that would be a matter for municipal control, and I asked him for all the policemen he could rake and scrape—especially fat ones.

And there *was* trouble in the street, as I had predicted. My accuracy was not surprising. Any one can predict explosions when he intends to lay the powder himself and touch the match

At one o'clock all the eminent statesmen of both sides got hungry, of course, and went to the hotels.

At half-past one I had every door barred and the big gates of the tall iron fence locked and the fat policemen stationed.

There wasn't any war basis, adjutant-general, political seesaw to my plan. Every one knew that the soldiers had gone. But every one knew also that the granite men had been sent away. I had seen to the dissemination of that piece of news. The Fusion crowd had reëlected Sterl Southwick Governor, and it was generally reckoned that this was all there would be to it—excepting a general Republican howl.

For an hour in the afternoon I let every arriving statesman yammer at the gate and shake his fists through the bars of the iron fence and stamp up and down the sidewalk to keep his toes warm. I had 'em all out—there were no exceptions. They argued with the fat policemen, but it was police duty, not politics, that the policemen were there for. I watched from the library window, and when I judged that the gang was all there, sheep and goats both, I pulled on my gloves and turned up my overcoat collar and walked out and stopped on the first terrace from the big gate.

I never knew before that three hundred men could make so many different kinds of noises! It was worse than a riot in a menagerie.

"What do you think, Stearns," yelled a man, his face between the bars—"that you are handling a woolen-mill strike?"

Chet Benniman was nearest the gate. He grabbed a bar in each hand and climbed up a few feet, as though he thought his fat legs were too short to make him as important-looking as he ought to be.

"Stearns," he shouted, "you are fooling with a big proposition—too big for you to handle this way! Open these gates!"

"Men," I said, as soon as they had stopped the worst of their noise, "I have here in my hand a list of the legislators whose certificates of election are recognized by the Supreme Court. As those men's names are called by me they may come forward and be admitted one by one. None others need apply. Mr. Policeman," I said to the big one at the gate, "in case of any rush knock 'em right and left. I'm the

(Concluded on Page 30)

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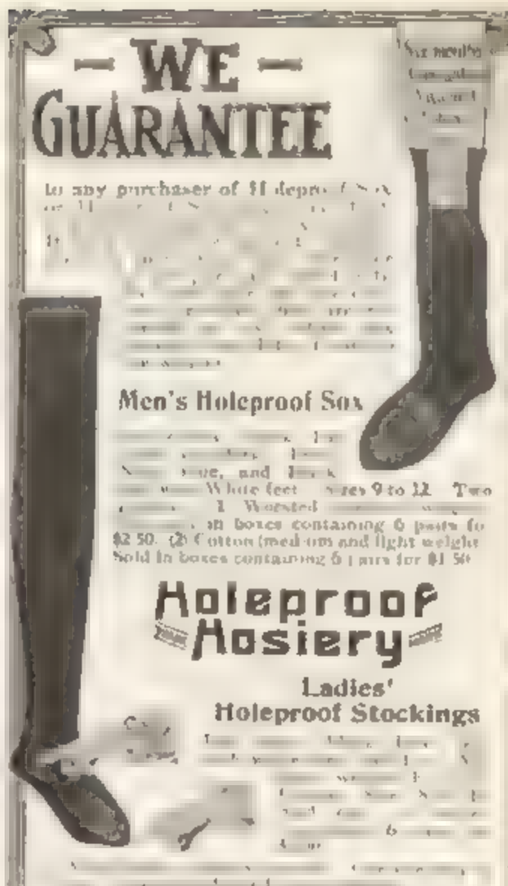

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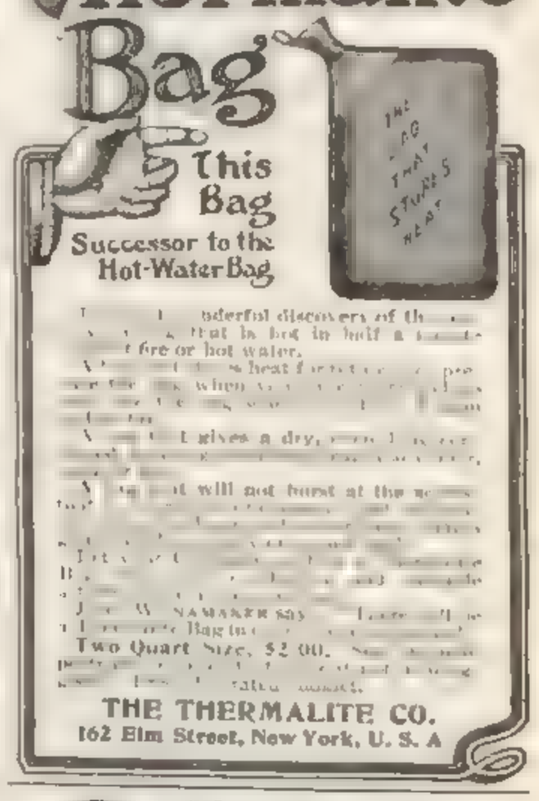

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The Editors' Plans

Features to Appear in Early Numbers

THIS is no extended forecast, no bird's-eye view of a long campaign: it is just a quick glance into the nearest future. We believe, and our experience has proved it, that the best advertisement of this magazine is—any weekly number. But, though detailed analysis is impossible, we do want to tell our readers and subscribers about a few of the chief plans of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for the first few months of that year which marks the two-hundredth anniversary of the man who founded it.

More of Billy Sanders

Joel Chandler Harris is probably one of the few living authors who have the certainty that two of the characters they have created will join the company of those "real persons" of fiction who will live as long as the language which clothes them. These two characters are Uncle Remus and Uncle Billy Sanders, the humorous sage of Shady Dale. It is about the latter that Mr. Harris has written his latest tales for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

E. Nesbit's New Serial

E. Nesbit was never in happier vein than in The Incomplete Amorist, a brilliant and powerful love story of Artist Life in Paris, which will be one of the serial features that POST readers will enjoy during the early months of the new year.

The glamour of student life in the Quarter, work in the art schools and the thousand new scenes into which the green little English heroine is plunged, all are portrayed by the author most entertainingly.

Edwin Lefèvre's New Novel

For many years it has been acknowledged that no other writer on finance pure and simple possessed Mr. Lefèvre's technical knowledge and intellectual grip of the money market. It remained only for him to show that what he had done in articles and short stories he could do again in dealing with a vital, living subject, a real drama of the Street. His new novel more than fulfills the promise of his short stories.

Owen Wister's Stories of the Far West

Owen Wister's ability to create character made him famous in The Virginian. His growth in the art of writing has placed him among the first of modern novelists in Lady Baltimore. What the now thoroughly developed artist can do upon returning to the Rockies becomes, naturally, one of the literary questions of to-day. The answer will be given in six short stories to be published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Robert W. Chambers' New Stories

No living writer can make the sudden love affair quite so convincing as Robert W. Chambers. Nor was Mr. Chambers ever in better mood than when he invented for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that Sherlock Holmes of love, the head of Keen & Co., Tracers of Lost Persons. Here is a detective who puts his powers to some real use—not to the detection of miserable criminals, but to the running down of the heart's desire.

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In the best sense of that word, geniality is the keynote of all F. Hopkinson Smith's best work. And it is his best work which he has put into the new series of stories which he has written for POST readers. The narrative smiles—and glows. Its humor is always kindly; even its satire is tolerant, and a more satisfactory sum total it would be difficult to imagine.

Arthur Train's Legal Stories

When you talk with a Public Prosecutor of a great city you talk with a man who is on close terms with all sorts and conditions of human clay as that city contains. That is what makes Mr. Train's stories so real and convincing. A Circe's dream to write of a bad-tempered cubman or an expert safe-cracker with equal realism. The humor of the law courts is cleverly brought out in the stories and articles he has been writing for POST readers.

Stories by Henry Wallace Phillips

Few of the younger writers are so much in demand as Henry Wallace Phillips. POST readers, familiar with his Scraggs—that humorous Mormon who tells his own stories—will understand why. A more delightful vernacular character to imagine. But such a one Mr. Phillips has imagined, and that one, as well as the only original Scraggs, is to appear in several short stories in this magazine during the coming year.

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Stories and Articles by David Graham Phillips

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The Man Who Thinks for Himself in Politics

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Lloyd Osbourne's Love Stories

When it comes to writing a pleasing, humorous love story no American writer can surpass Lloyd Osbourne, and for witty dialogue that "sparkles and cuts" he is almost unequalled. If this sounds like over-praise, read his next tale in these columns.

Six Little Talks About Six Great Men

By the Author of Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

White and Payne in Washington

The coming year will be one of the most momentous which Washington has witnessed. The Railroad War and the battle over the Panama Canal are but two of its features which alone will, in their progress, make history. The two men who will watch these events for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be William Allen White and Will Payne. Mr. Payne's knowledge of finance has been shown by his recent articles in THE POST; his powers as a writer every reader of contemporary literature is familiar with. Mr. White, too, will need no introduction. As a commentator on the Political Show he has long been the acknowledged leader among the magazine writers of America.

The Cry of the Children

With the publication of The Woman Who Toils, Mrs. John Van Vorst became at once a figure of prominence. Now Mrs. Van Vorst has been investigating for this magazine the question of child-labor. Her brief is for the children: they plead their own case in her narrative.

Behind the Veil of Isis

Here is another novelette—and yet not just "another novelette" either, because it is different. Humor and mystery are both good things, but they are rarely combined as in this story. Nor do they complete the list of its elements. There is adventure, then suspense and then climax—a climax which is precisely not the one expected. It will not do to betray the secret; so it is enough here to say that Behind the Veil of Isis is a tale of Old Egypt and New York.

Articles by the Hon. John S. Wise

As our readers are now well aware, John S. Wise has had for his friends about all the prominent men of the last two generations. Mr. Wise has dined at their houses and they at his—Presidents, statesmen, Senators, Supreme Court Judges, famous actors and noted wits. It is about such men—about how he met and knew them, ate and drank and hunted and worked with them, that he will write a new series of articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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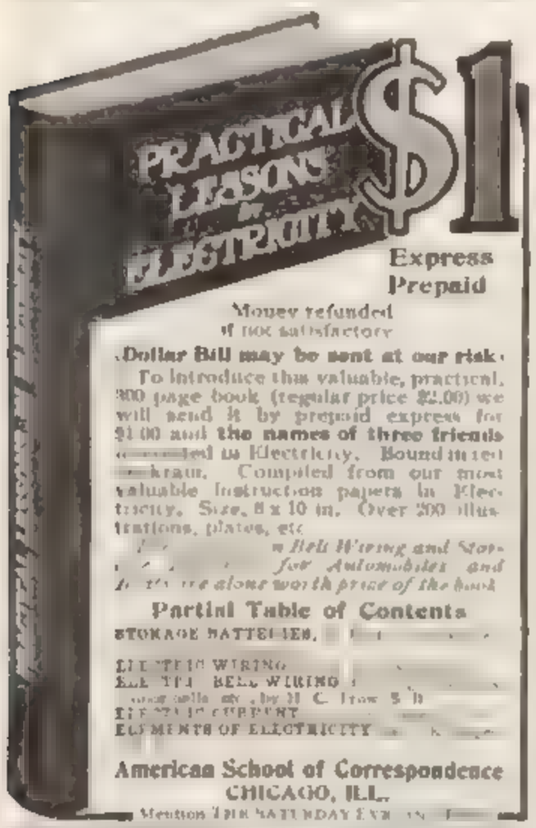

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GOVERNOR BY DRAFT

(Concluded from Page 28)

Governor of this State just now ——" I couldn't help it, for Sterl Southwick was in the crowd and Senator Bayne was in a hack pulled close to the curb—I couldn't help it—my chest swelled—"and I order you to club, no matter if it's the Khan of Tartary himself!"

The Republicans filtered in as I began to read, but the Fusionists, even those entitled to admission, raved and swore and backed away.

When I'd given all of 'em their chance and turned to leave the terrace, the kickers promptly started a joint session of their House and Senate there on the sidewalk, swatting their arms to keep warm. As nearly as I could judge they were preparing for civil war.

"Here, Governor," yelled Chairman Westcott of the State Committee, who was in the hack with Senator Bayne, "we want to come in." He hated to bellow that, I'll wager, but the policemen had turned him back and there was no other way for it.

Well, it may have been mean, but I stood there and gloated for about the most satisfactory five minutes I ever put in—gloated on their appealing faces framed in the hack windows. I scowled at 'em as though I were trying to make up my mind whether they were safe men to have in the party councils. Think of it!

Then I let 'em beg a while.

And at last I said to a fat policeman in a patronizing way

"Well, let 'em in if they're so anxious."

As we were going up the walk I dropped back and took Senator Bayne's arm. It was my turn to play boss of the party and I did it.

"Senator," I said, "I could begin now and do a whole lot of things to you if I cared to. But for me to bag a United States Senator just now would be like catching an elephant—I couldn't do anything sensible with either kind of game. And I suppose you are as square as the average politician who is making a business of it. But it isn't my notion of a business."

"Governor Stearns," he began, "I want to apologize heartily and sincerely for ——"

"Never mind it, Senator," I replied. "There's only this I want to say to you: we elect a Governor before we elect a United States Senator, and this trip it will be a Governor that will stick. I have lots of confidence in our Supreme Court. Now, if Chandler Estes' name is sent up to the Senate from the House and Wilson Wellington's isn't, it will—well, simplify matters."

We looked each other over, standing there at the door of the State House.

"Perhaps you can do something else for the corporations if you are left in Congress, Senator. But the people of this State don't want Wellington, and furthermore, they won't have him. That's the particular business I am looking after just now."

"Leave it all to Westcott and me," he said at last. "We understand how to handle the details and Estes' name shall come to the Senate."

"Yes, it's a matter of practical politics now," said I, "and you'll understand how to handle it. I don't understand practical politics myself."

He gave me another thorough going-over with his eyes, wanting in his heart of hearts to knock me down and kick in my face. But being a United States Senator and more or less accustomed to self-restraint, and having some little need of my humble services, he said:

"You are very fortunate never to have been mixed up in politics, Governor."

Then he went away quickly before he should lose his grip on himself.

The busiest man around the State House that afternoon and evening was the adjutant-general, who was explaining to every National Guard company in the State that they should not take the next train for the capital, and that they should not mind the hot telegrams that kept ordering them to the State House. Chet Benniman was sending out those tocsins as his last flop. But the a.-g. was now quoting the Supreme Court.

The Fusion crowd held two sessions at some hall downtown, I believe, issued several kinds of proclamations, including a gubernatorial one, and in one last howl put up to the Supreme Court a selected list of queries as to their legal status. But the canny Supreme Court insisted on reviewing the case in toto, and for the last time declared that the Legislature then in session at the State House was the only true one. That settled it, for the people had swung into line behind the law, and any man in politics could put his ear to the ground and realize it from the sound of the tread of the cowhide boots. There is almost always an electric moment in clinches of that sort, when you either get the people with you or against you.

I had the people of my State with me when I went off the war basis and put the fat policemen on the gate and locked out the Legislature till they promised to be good. All the newspapers had funny stories about the "cold-feet session" on the sidewalk, and when you get folks to laughing there isn't much chance for war

So in the end the Fusionists who held straight certificates of election came in with us and took their seats, there being nothing else to do, really—and we had 'em where they belonged by safe majorities in both branches.

The Fusion Secretary of State—a chap about three feet high and with a temper that weighed at least three hundred pounds did lock himself in his office along with the State seal, but I broke open the door and threatened to cuff his ears, and that incident was closed! They called me Oliver Cromwell in the newspapers for a couple of days, and then as President of the Senate I administered the oath of office to Governor Chandler Estes—and then we all took breath for a few days.

In the seat ahead of me in the smoking-car when I went home to spend Sunday that week was Sterling Southwick, democratically puffing in the crowd.

"Great old hog-wrassle, wasn't it?" he remarked, cheerful as a cricket. "How did you like your Governor job, anyway?"

"About as old Bingham liked the sardines," said I.

Sterl laughed and stretched up his hands with a contented grunt. He seemed to be taking the whole thing as a case of break even, and I was mighty glad to find him above spite in a political scrape. I never saw anything but a level head in *him*. Chet Benniman was with him in the seat, smoking like a furnace, and never turning his head my way.

"Ever hear of old Bingham and the sardines?" asked Sterl, poking him.

"Naw!" yapped Benniman, his eyes straight ahead.

"Well, old Bingham went fishing with Lel and me one day, a good many years ago, and sneaked off by himself and caught all the fish there were in the brook because he made us keep behind. We had a can of sardines along for lunch and Lel and I ate 'em up before old Bingham got back, and then we caught some minnows, chopped off their heads and laid 'em in the oil, all nice and regular. Old Bingham came back hungry, and ate 'em all. 'What do you think of the sardines?' says Lel. Says old Bingham, picking his teeth with a match, 'Your ile appears to be plenty sticky but the leetle fish seem to be the least mite underdone.'"

"It's crow three times a day that the two of you ought to eat," said Chet, still ugly. "Both of you have played the game as though it was three-year-old cat with a yarn ball."

Ex-Governor Southwick stretched once more with deeper content.

"Say, Lel," he drawled, "it isn't quite so amusing for the crowd when it yells 'Sic 'im!' and both dogs sidle up to each other and wag their tails, but—it's a blamed sight more sensible in the dogs."

He drove the flat of his hand against Benniman's back with a slap that shook "Cupe's" hat off.

"Come out of it, Chet!" he cried. "A bluff in sharp politics is part of the game—so far as it will go. Pulling a gun, though, isn't—not for me!"

Benniman, brushing his hat with his elbow, turned around and looked at me

"Llewellyn," he inquired very solemnly, "are you going to stay in State politics after this term in the Senate?"

"Not by a ding-blamed sight," I shouted

"Well, then," he said with a sigh of relief, "I guess the two big parties can come down out of their trees and have the bird-shot picked out. Gimme a match and let's talk about the weather!"

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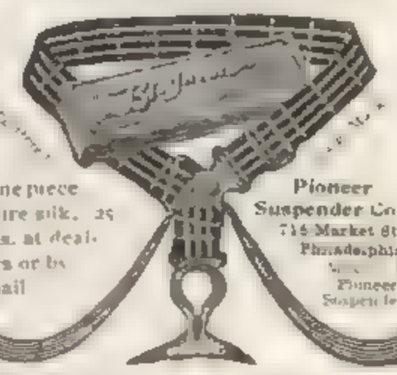

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RUSSIA AND HER RULERS

(Concluded from Page 2)

he shuts down his desk and dismisses the last of the officials, his wife, following the natural instinct of woman, likes to have him all to herself. Instead of tempering the severity of his seclusion by inviting relays of guests, as did his predecessors, the rule has been to regard the dinner-table as a shrine sacred to the family. The Emperor, wearied with the day's work, must at dinner-time at least forget the cares of state, and revel in the bosom of his own family. With wife and weans around him, no one can be a happier husband than Nicholas II. And his wife, rejoicing in her monopoly, consoles her conscience by thinking how necessary it is that the Emperor should not be worried at mealtimes with guests who would tire him.

Attempting the Impossible

The Emperor of Russia is, *ab initio*, in an absolutely impossible position. He is set to perform tasks which are impossible. To be an unlimited autocrat with the limited strength of an ordinary mortal, to be supreme referee and final authority in every question that arises in the government of one hundred and forty millions of men, when you have only twenty-four hours a day in which to do it, is, on the face of it, impossible. But Fate compels him to attempt it, however much he may leave undone; he must at least grapple with his task and exhaust his time and strength before he gives in, as give in he must, with more than half of the work that ought to be done left undone. The more conscientious he may be, the more painfully conscious he must be of his shortcomings—the more determined he becomes to rid himself of all but absolutely necessary ceremonials. Nicholas II, in his struggles to get to the essence of his work, has gone to the extreme of dispensing with personal interviews, even with his own ministers. He makes them reduce their representations to paper and prefers to give his judgment upon the written report rather than upon the *viva voce* utterances of his advisers.

And under the same pressure he has dispensed with ceremony to such an extent that his ordinary daily life is as simple as that of any comfortable American citizen. Pomp and paraphernalia were conspicuously absent from the unpretentious little seaside villa where I last met the Emperor on the Baltic coast. His place at Livadia, on the Black Sea, is more spacious, but it would not attract any attention for its size or magnificence in any American watering-place. The Emperor and the Empress lead a simple life, in the midst of flowers and fruits and books and papers, delighting in nothing so much as the society of their children and rejoicing when, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," they can abandon themselves without a care to the delights of domesticity.

The Emperor is a man somewhat below the middle height, being a little short in the legs. When in the saddle, he is of average stature. He is lithe and graceful in figure. In his features he bears a close resemblance to his favorite cousin, the Prince of Wales. He has the bright blue eyes of the Dane, slight mustaches, light hair and a pleasant smile. There is at times a roguish twinkle in his eye, for his sense of humor is keen, and he is quick to see the humorous side of any subject. His manner is simple and unaffected; in conversation he is very quick and appreciative. Like General Gordon, to whom in other respects he has considerable resemblance, he loves to smoke cigarettes and is fond of outdoor exercise. He is very fond of reading, although his leisure is limited, and he has of necessity often to scurry through the newspapers. Besides the Russian newspapers, he sees the Times and the Standard, and among the magazines he reads the Contemporary Review and the Review of Reviews. In the four interviews I have had with him, three of which lasted an hour, and one an hour and a half, the conversation ranged over an immense variety of subjects, on all of which I found him very well posted. The constantly repeated story that he reads nothing and knows nothing is a monstrous absurdity. He reads a great deal, is very quick to seize the salient point of what he reads, and has a retentive memory. Whatever may be his failings, they do not arise from lack of a keen interest in the world and its affairs.

Yet if I were to be asked wherein the Emperor's weak point lies I should say it is precisely in that he is not keen enough, not sufficiently close to the subjects with which he has to deal, to feel the full pull of his responsibility. He is, after all, like a man who is steering the ship, if not from the shore, then from the recesses of his secluded cabin. Voltaire's remark that there are few men who could resist the temptation of killing a mandarin in Peking if they could do it by sticking a pin into a pincushion in Paris is an exaggerated illustration of the extent to which distance and invisibility deaden the sense of personal responsibility. The Emperor is keen with the keenness of an intelligent spectator rather than with the absorbed interest of a man who has himself the master hand in the game. You don't feel, somehow, as if he had a close, strong grip of things. Perhaps I can hardly put it more simply than by saying that I think it would have done him a world of good if for only six months in his life he could have had a drilling as sub-editor on the staff of a thoroughly up-to-date evening newspaper which had to contain all the news and which nevertheless had never to lose the trains. The sense of the urgency that is indispensable if the edition is to be saved, the consciousness of power that comes from the direct exercise of authority, the grim, overshadowing awe of a sense of swift, ruthless judgment to come if important items are missed or times are not kept—all this would be splendid training for a Russian Emperor. *Zafta*, the Russian equivalent for the fatal *mañana* of the Spaniard, has no existence in newspaper offices.

Readjustable Opinions

It has been well said that the Czar is the Russian House of Commons. He resembles that celebrated political assembly in that he changes his politics from time to time. In the House of Commons this is due, and can clearly be traced, to a change of mind on the part of a nation expressing itself through the medium of a general election. In the case of the Emperor, the *modus operandi* of the change is not so clearly perceptible. But if the House of Commons was looked at, say, from the fixed stars as an entity, its changes of political color would be almost as incomprehensible as those of the Emperor. In some way not discernible by outsiders, the Czar readjusts himself to the needs of the moment as the majority of the House of Commons readjusts itself to the opinion of the nation. No one blames the House for inconsistency. If the same charity were extended to the Czar he would escape much censure.

There is no doubt that the Emperor Nicholas has in the course of his reign tried opposing policies, abandoning a policy that has failed in order to adopt another that might have better promise of success. History will probably blame him most not because he changed his policy so much as because he did not change it soon enough. He has within the last twelve months reversed the policy previously persisted in all round the compass. He has sanctioned the effacement of the whole autocratic policy of aggression in Finland, which was one of the most inexcusable blots upon his reign. He has restored their schools and their endowments to the Armenians. He has restored their language to the Poles. He has established religious liberty, and in many other directions he has reversed the traditional policy of the Empire. In all this he has done well. The one lament is that he should have done all these good things too late.

The creation of the Douma, the establishment of a responsible ministry, the political amnesty, the concession of liberty of the press, of public meeting and of association, all these great measures which herald the rebirth of Russia, have been granted more or less under duress. The pressure was not necessary to convince the Emperor that they were desirable so much as to prove that they were really desired by Russia as a whole. If, however, he deserves no credit for initiative in domestic reform, it is otherwise with the one great glory of his reign, the summoning of The Hague Conference in the cause of international peace. That glory is all his own, and its lustre will increase as the generations pass. All else may be forgotten, but the founder of the first international court of justice will be remembered forever as one of the great benefactors of mankind.

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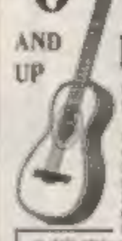

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The Correspondence of a Diplomat

(Concluded from Page 19)

me for a couple of weeks if his stepmother would let him go. I never dreamed of such happiness as to be able to take such a word to Henry.

I guess we will be down about the tenth if my suit is fixed for me by that time. I have been telling Henry about the good times we will have and have told him about not using matches where there is any hay only I did not tell him why. Henry never carries matches anyway.

I wonder if you remember the little pony Uncle George borrowed for me to ride the last time I was down there. I suppose he is probably dead by this time but if he is not will you ask the folks that own him not to let anything happen to him until Henry comes down because he wants to see him. Henry is very fond of animals. Of course I told him we could not expect to have a pony to ride again, but he said he would like to see the one I rode so I thought I would speak to you about it for Henry's sake.

I have been trying to think how it must look in the country by this time with everything green and lovely. I suppose you do not have any ripe pumpkins yet for pies unless you had some left over which is not very probable. Still there are always apples even when we do not have pumpkins which do very well. It is strange how everything is provided for us so when we are out of one thing we have another. I think we are apt to be more thoughtful of these things in the country than we are in town. I remember how you used to often have chicken pie having heard from Mamma that I was very fond of it. A boy's tastes do not change much do they? People are always safe to have hot biscuits and honey, chicken pie, mashed potatoes, cranberries, currant jelly, watermelon pickles and one or two kinds of pie if they want to please a boy.

Your affectionate nephew
TOMMY.

P. S.—I forgot love to Uncle George which is always included. TOMMY.

"By the Rod of His Wrath"

(Concluded from Page 5)

them, and one of these leads down a wide, handsome street out to the college. There the town often goes in its best bib and tucker to hear the lecturers whom Mrs. Markley feeds. Last winter one came who converted Dan Gregg—once Governor, but for ten years best known among us as the town infidel. The lecturer explained how matter had probably evolved from some one form—even the elements coming in a most natural way from a common source. He made it plain how all matter is but a form of motion; that the atoms themselves are divided into ions and corpuscles, which are merely different forms of electrical motion, and that all this motion seems to tend to one form, which is the spirit of the universe. Dan said he had found God there, and, although the pious were shocked, in our office we were glad Dan had found his God anywhere; and while we were sitting in front of the office one fine evening this spring, looking at the stars and talking of Dan Gregg's God and ours, we began to wonder whether or not the God that is the spirit of things at the base of this material world might not be indeed the spirit that moves in men to execute His laws. Men in the colleges to-day think they have found the moving spirit of matter; but do they know His wonderful being so well as the old Hebrew prophets knew it who wrote the Psalms and the Proverbs and the wisdom of the Great Book? And that brought us back to the old question about John Markley. Was it God, moving in us, who punished Markley "by the rod of His wrath," who used our hearts as wireless stations for His displeasure to travel through; or was it the chance prejudice of a simple people? It was late when we broke up and left the office—Dan Gregg, Henry Larmy, the reporter and old George. And as we parted, looking up at the stars where our ways divided out under the elms, we heard, far up Exchange Street, the clatter of the mechanical piano in the Markley home, and saw the high windows glowing like lost souls in the night.

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